THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1895.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WEEK:—	
Public Affairs:	
At Home	336
Abroad	337
Literature, Science, etc.	339
Obituary	339
A DYING COALITION	339
PRINCE BISMARCK	340
THE WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT DEBATE	342
"IN CANADA AND ELSEWHERE" ...	343
ENGLAND AND TURKEY	344
FINANCE	344
BISMARCK AND HIS GERMANS. By Poultney Bigelow	345
THIS MORNING'S PAPER. By "A Mere Outsider"	346
TACKLING THE WATER COMPANIES	348
THE THREE MR. WHISTLERS ...	349
THE DRAMA. By A. B. W.	350
ARMENIAN TROUBLES: THE REMEDY. By Our Constantinople Correspondent ...	352
THE BROTHERS. By Neil Wynn Williams	353
LETTER TO THE EDITOR:—	
Heroes of Lincolnshire.	353
VERSE:—	
The First of April. By Helen Chisholm	354
A LITERARY CAUSERIE:—	
Chaucer.—II. By A. T. Q. C.	354
REVIEWS:—	
Mr. Churton Collins's Essays	356
A Fragment	357
Bradlaugh	358
Letters from the Crimea	359
Bookbinding as a Fine Art	360
Fiction	361
Studies in Social Science	362
First Impressions	362

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE statement made in the House of Commons on Thursday by Sir Edward Grey respecting the relations of this country with France is one of undoubted gravity. For some time past we have had occasion repeatedly to point to the embarrassment caused by the undisguised ill-humour of the French Government and people. That ill-humour has been shown in deeds as well as words, and especially in the expeditions which have been organised against British spheres of influence in Africa. We are quite willing to believe that the published accounts of these expeditions are exaggerated, especially by the French themselves. But it is obviously necessary that some steps should be taken to convince our neighbours that, whilst we earnestly desire to remain on friendly terms with them, we are determined to protect our own unquestioned interests, whether on the banks of the Nile or on those of the Niger. Sir Edward Grey's statement on Thursday was clear, moderate, and distinctly serious in tone. It will probably cause a great sensation in France. But it will, we hope, be recognised even by Frenchmen as having been made in the interests of peace and of a cordial relationship between the two countries. Upon one point we hope our neighbours will labour under no deception. They must not suppose that Mr. Labouchere spoke for anybody but himself in his criticism of Sir Edward Grey's speech. To do so would be to fall into a fatal error.

THE House of Commons was engaged on Monday and Tuesday in the second-reading debate on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Ministers had hoped to secure their division on this stage of the Bill on Tuesday night; but to this the Opposition would not assent, and the Speaker apparently declined to allow the closure to be moved. The division is, therefore, adjourned until Monday; and it is quite possible that it may not be taken even then, for the Opposition are steadily pursuing their old plan for consuming as much as possible of the time of the House. The debate this week has been made notable by many excellent speeches. Mr. Plunket's attack upon the measure was perhaps eloquent rather than effective; but it was unquestionably a very fine contribution to the discussion, whilst it recalled to the House a style of oratory not so common now as it once was. On the other side the speeches of Mr. George Russell and Mr. Robert Wallace were in every way excellent. Indeed, the debate, as a whole, has been maintained at a higher level than was expected, and there has been a happy absence of those passionate recriminations which attended the controversy in some of its previous stages.

IT is a noteworthy coincidence that the week which has witnessed the debate on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill has also seen the meeting of the Free Church Congress at Birmingham. The representatives of the Evangelical Free Churches who met at this Congress furnish a standing refutation of the calumny that the enemies of Church establishments are also the enemies of religion. We doubt whether even the zealous Episcopalians who spread this calumny from pulpits and platforms really believe in it. No man of common intelligence who has taken the trouble to master the history of the English people can do so. The Nonconformist Churches have grown and thriven not only without the support of the State, but in spite of its persecutions. And precisely as they have grown has English freedom become wider, and the religious spirit of the English people more intense. They claim for themselves, as the proceedings at Birmingham prove, no monopoly of virtue and religion, but they have a right to protest against the falsehood which attributes their opposition to the State control of a religious communion either to jealousy of a particular Church or to antagonism to religion itself. Birmingham is, unhappily, not very sound in its political position at present; but apparently its people are just as strongly opposed as they ever were to the principle of an Establishment.

IT is announced that the Opposition mean to divide the House of Commons against the first reading of the Local Veto Bill which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to move before the Easter recess. This is a very unusual and a very significant step. It means that the Tory leaders have resolved to resist absolutely any attempt that may be made by Parliament to reform the present licensing system and to alleviate the misery and the evil of our national intemperance. It is edifying to remember that the party which is thus constituting itself the champion of the drink traffic professes also to be the champion of the Church. The State control which it insists upon maintaining over the ministers of religion it will not allow to be applied to the publicans. We must leave the bishops and archbishops to solve this anomaly to their own satisfaction if they can. We will give them credit for not caring for the position in which the Tory leaders have placed them. But since the political

party to which they belong has seen fit to espouse the cause of the publicans, they will, no doubt, still find some good reason for giving it their support.

THE meeting of the Liberal-Unionist party on Monday, at which it was finally resolved to support the nomination of Sir Matthew White Ridley for the Speakership, effectually disposed of Mr. Courtney's chances of election. It is natural that this fact should have drawn forth a great deal of unfavourable comment from the public, and it is not surprising that Mr. Chamberlain's share in frustrating Mr. Courtney's desire to become Speaker should be the subject of special comment. We are loth to believe, however, that in this matter Mr. Chamberlain acted voluntarily. After all, Mr. Courtney is his intimate friend and ally, and he has again and again rendered valuable service to the Unionist party. It would be strange, indeed, in these circumstances, if Mr. Chamberlain were deliberately to set himself against Mr. Courtney. A simpler and more natural explanation of last Monday's decision is that Mr. Chamberlain and his party had really no choice. If they had determined to support Mr. Courtney, the Tories would have broken loose, and there would have been an end of the Unionist alliance. Some of its members are now beginning to see the price they have to pay for the maintenance of that alliance.

MR. GLADSTONE returned from the Riviera last Saturday, and received a warm greeting from a large crowd which had assembled at Charing Cross Station to witness his arrival. He has benefited from his stay in the south, and is distinctly better in health than he was twelve months ago. He only remained in London until yesterday, but it is expected that he will return to town during the season. A hope expressed in some quarters that he would make some public deliverance on the question of the Armenian atrocities has not been realised. Strongly as he feels upon this question, Mr. Gladstone is, we understand, resolved to await the result of the inquiry now going on before taking any part in the discussion of the atrocities.

WE publish elsewhere another important communication from our Constantinople correspondent. In it he discusses the question of the measures which ought to be taken by the European Powers if the Armenians are to be saved from extermination. In his view it will be necessary to establish some form of foreign control over the Turkish administration, and to unite the five *vilayets* in a single province under a Governor-General appointed for a term of years with the approval of the Powers. We trust that this proposal will receive serious consideration in this country. In the meantime, we are glad to see that there are, at last, signs of an awakening of the public conscience in England on the subject of the atrocities of which the Armenians have been the victims. The accounts of the massacres which have appeared in the *Daily News*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Leeds Mercury*, and other journals during the week, would seem to show that even the horrors of 1876 were eclipsed last autumn. We are glad to know that Lord Kimberley was to receive a deputation on the subject yesterday, and we trust that before long the apathy which has hitherto prevailed upon the question will have disappeared.

THE returns of the Registrar-General showed a further diminution during last week of the mortality from influenza, the deaths directly attributable to it being only 225. It may therefore be assumed that the epidemic has now practically passed away. In four weeks it has caused no fewer than 1,350 deaths in London, whilst the indirect mortality due to it has been very much greater. Several of the public men who were its victims are still laid aside from active work. Of these the two most notable invalids are Lord Rosebery and Mr. Fowler. Both are continuing to make steady progress towards recovery, but in both cases the process is a tedious one. Mr. Fowler is still confined to his room, but Lord Rosebery is happily again able to take out-of-door exercise.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of Central England, including, in particular, London and the Midlands, was swept last Sunday by a gale of a very exceptional character and force, which demolished houses, wrecked churches, and caused, unfortunately, a loss of life which, for a storm that affected only a small portion of the coast-line, must be regarded as very considerable indeed. Immense damage seems to have been done to timber, including such historic trees as the cedars of Lebanon at Warwick Castle and the elms in Rugby Close. At Birmingham, it may be noted, the wind-pressure registered was the highest on record. It would be comforting to believe that the final cause of the storm was to scatter and destroy the influenza virus. Unfortunately, its path was so sharply marked that plenty of infection must be left to the north and south of it.

ABROAD.

THE "Bismarck week" is passing as we write amid a shower of congratulations to the veteran statesman from all parts of the German-speaking world which, if we were to read into them that political significance with which the principal personages concerned seem to desire to invest the occasion, would be of ill omen for the maintenance of free institutions among any people of German origin. Some of the enthusiasm may be taken with reserve—that of the German-Austrians, for instance, is prompted rather by the desire to show that they are not as their fellow-subjects the Czechs and Slovenes, and is provoking counter-demonstrations on the part of the latter. But in spite of the Emperor's typical gift of a sword—the symbol of "blood and iron"—of the ex-Chancellor's notable attack on Parliamentary parties, and of his repetition before the members of the Imperial Parliament of his former exhortation to the State Parliaments to interfere in Imperial matters, we are probably safe in regarding the popular manifestation as in the main a mere expression of honour and gratitude towards the greatest of modern German statesmen in one aspect alone—that of the maker of the German Empire, the consummator of German unity, and (it must not be forgotten) the originator of that democratic Reichstag whose influence, in conjunction with younger reactionaries, he now seeks to undermine and destroy.

THE fact is that (as we indicate elsewhere) there is more behind the refusal of the Reichstag to join in the celebration than is generally perceived in England. Herr von Levetzow, as we mentioned last week, had ascertained beforehand that the address of congratulation would probably not be carried. In spite of this it was introduced. Now the Liberals and Catholics maintain that its supporters meant, by glorifying Prince Bismarck, to glorify the Bismarckian *régime* and its impending restoration under Herr von Köller, and to manufacture a cry to be used in the approaching general election. To dissolve on the Anti-Anarchist Bill would be dangerous in view of the national Liberal attitude towards it; and the "Agrarians" would, under ordinary circumstances, be a problematical factor in the situation. But to denounce the Liberals and Catholics as enemies of the Empire is just the way to re-unite the forces of Conservatism and catch all the indifferent voters. In short, according to Herr Richter, "the strings have been pulled from Friedrichsruh."

THE crisis in Spain has been solved—for the moment—by the formation of a sort of coalition Ministry under the Conservative leader, Señor Canovas, but containing several Liberal members. Señor Sagasta, it is reported, finally desisted from his efforts at reconstruction, because he could obtain no assurance that a refusal would be given to the demands of the army—of which General Martinez Campos was the chief exponent—as to the trial of press offences by courts-martial. So it is that personage who still holds the key of the situation. Señor Canovas is believed to be inclined to satisfy him; and both the Parliamentary parties are in a disorganised state. The Cuban insurrection will happily remove him from the scene.

THE Hungarian Upper House has again disappointed expectation and involved the country in another serious crisis. The Toleration Bill has been passed by 118 to 112, but one of its most important sections, regulating the position of persons who choose to describe themselves as "of no religion," has been struck out by 143 to 120; while the Bill granting the legal recognition of Judaism and permitting conversion to it was rejected by 117 to 111. Thus the first Bill is eviscerated, and the rejection of the second is a triumph for that anti-Semitism which has so long endangered the peace of the Dual Monarchy. The Ministry proposes to create new peers. It remains to be seen if the Emperor will consent. It is pitiable to see this struggle among religions to retain the nominal adherents already secured them by the absurd law which divides the offspring of a mixed marriage between the religions of parents irrespective of any agreement the latter may make. It is still more lamentable that the competing religious bodies should contend for the nominal possession of atheists or agnostics. But these are the consequences of that "recognition" of competing religions by the State which is favoured by most Continental statesmen and a few English "philosophic" politicians, and which, where it is not concurrent endowment, may at least be called concurrent establishment.

THE situation in Belgium is again becoming serious. The Communal Elections Bill is a good deal less liberal than was expected—the communal franchise, indeed, will be more limited under it than that requisite for the electors to the Senate—and a prolonged Parliamentary struggle is expected, which will be complicated by the question of Proportional Representation. In Belgium, as in Switzerland, this is now the panacea of moderate men on both sides: Conservatives of the type of M. Beernaert, as well as the old-fashioned Liberals. But the Bill only admits it as a substitute for a second ballot, in case there are three or more lists of candidates before the electors, and none obtains an absolute majority. Now in most of the Flemish communes the Catholics will be certain to carry their candidates at the first ballot, while in the more Radical Walloon communes the application of the system will give them a chance of dividing the representation with the Progressists or Socialists. Meanwhile, the latter, who object to the Bill *in toto*, have adopted the plan which hastened the decision of the question of the Parliamentary franchise in 1893; and the Labour Association of Ghent, the "Vooruit," has ordered a general strike, which will affect 36,000 men. There is already an extensive strike at Liege, and every day of delay in Parliament must increase the danger of disturbance. The Government has thought it advisable to call out 7,000 Reservists, and the prospect seems very grave.

THE telegrams announcing that the power of the Cuban insurgents is broken have now been varied by the announcement that the Government troops have met with a serious reverse. Other Spanish-American countries are furnishing material aid—unofficially, of course—and there is plenty of sympathy, and doubtless something more, promised from the United States. The formation of "Cuban Associations" in the great cities is extremely significant in view of such declarations as that of Senator Lodge in the current *Forum*, that the United States must acquire Cuba to secure the Nicaragua Canal. Cuba, in fact, is to repeat the history of the Texas of fifty years ago. And apart from these considerations of policy and a sympathy which may be defended on moral grounds, there are more material reasons for desiring the addition of Cuba to the Union. It is an excellent field for American capital, and we remember the part American capitalists are alleged to have played in recent South American warfare. And it is an excellent outlet for American manufactures. It is curious to notice how the Protectionism dominant in America is driving that country, as it is driving European countries, to search for new markets for the superfluous products which are the inevitable result of Protectionism. The Protectionist Republicans are now the party of expansion, as the slaveholding Democrats with their exhausted soils were before the War of Secession. Cuba, however, viewed politically, has this great drawback: that it would bring into the Union a considerable Roman Catholic, illiterate, and negro vote.

THE situation in Chitral, which was sufficiently grave last week, is rendered doubly so by the serious reverse sustained by the little force which had set out to rescue Mr. Robertson, the British diplomatic agent, and his escort from the fort where the strife of rival pretenders has shut them in. As Chitral is well beyond the Indian frontier, and is one of the few places left in the world (outside the Soudan or the Polar regions) which are really difficult of access, it is at first sight not unnatural to ask why we should have interfered at all. Unfortunately, to borrow a famous phrase from the Kantian metaphysic, "the consciousness of a limit implies the consciousness of something beyond it." The cause of order has to be supported beyond the frontier, even if (as has usually been our course hitherto) the support is confined to backing whichever pretender the population is most inclined to accept. It was to discover this that Mr. Robertson went to Chitral; and it has now become necessary to rescue him and his escort from the speculative enterprise of Umra Khan—the rising and hostile chief of a neighbouring Pathan people, who has invaded Chitral possibly in collusion with one of the native pretenders, Sher Afzul, but is only too obviously seeking his own ends. It is quite certain that the Indian Government, in the present condition of Indian finance, would not have interfered without the gravest need. It is hardly less certain that our action now must sooner or later entail the opening up of the direct route to Chitral from Peshawur and the securing of the former point in view of its strategic value. Fix our frontier as we may, its extension, until we become conterminous with a civilised Power, is merely a question of time.

THE outrage on Li Hung Chang is stated by the Japanese authorities to be the act of a lunatic. For their sakes it is to be hoped that the statement is correct. If not, it is an unfortunate reminder (like the atrocities at Port Arthur) of the limited extent to which Western ideas have yet penetrated the great mass of the Japanese population. Moreover, damaging as the crime may be to the dignity of Japan, there can be no question that in so far as it prolongs the period of negotiation it distinctly furthers her material interests. This week she has

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

established herself in the Pescadores Islands, as a preliminary to an attack on Formosa. That island is geographically a suitable appendage to her Empire, and it is not probable that anyone but the Chinese—who are impotent in the matter—will care to dispute her acquisition of it. Her troops will soon be at Mukden; they have effected a landing at Haichow, and a few days' march will bring them to the Grand Canal, and enable them to starve out Peking. Japan will probably occupy that city before agreeing to terms of peace. The further her forces advance and the more territory she occupies, the more difficult it will be for the European Powers to secure an abatement of her demands.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

THE most generally interesting books of the week are Viscount Wolseley's analysis of "The Decline and Fall of Napoleon," the first volume of a "Pall Mall Magazine Library" (Sampson Low); Mrs. Salis Schwabe's "Reminiscences of Richard Cobden" (Unwin), which has a preface by Lord Farrer and a reproduction of Patten's portrait of Cobden; and Ouida's "Views and Opinions" (Methuen), dedicated to Mr. W. H. Mallock, "as a slight token of personal regard and intellectual admiration." Mr. Walter Scott issues a tasteful edition of Thoreau's "Walden," with frontispiece and prefatory essay by Mr. W. H. Dircks; and among other minor publications may be noticed in passing an anonymous reply to Mr. Blatchford's "Merrie England," under the title "Labour and Luxury" (Scott), the "Souvenir" of the Lyceum "King Arthur" (Cassell), and "London of To-day's Calendar," a new monthly publication.

THE memorial addressed to the Education Office by the leading publishers of school books touches a difficulty which earnest educationists are only too apt to overlook. The new Code, among its many merits, has this grave demerit—that it tends to reduce more than a million of copies of school books to the level of waste paper, inasmuch as the changes made apparently ignore their existence. And although, to some extent, the Education Department is prepared to allow alternatives which will admit of their utilisation, still school managers must feel that such alternatives are rather handicapped before an Inspector in comparison with the regular courses provided by the Code. The sudden change tends to produce worse books, and worse education in consequence. And the cost of it, it must not be forgotten, falls on an impatient and overburdened public. Where there are so many necessary and desirable ways of spending more money, it is hardly advisable to waste it.

IT appears that Argon does not stand aloof from association with other elements in the persistent manner at first supposed. M. Berthollet finds that the gas is absorbed by benzene under the influence of the electric discharge, and Professor Ramsay informed the Chemical Society on Wednesday that he has found that Argon is present in the rare mineral clevite. Associated with Argon in the same mineral is another gas, which shows a spectral line long known in the light of the sun's corona, but hitherto not identified with any terrestrial substance. This second gas, which will be called Helium, may, or may not, be a constituent of the air; but we are not aware that its presence has yet been detected in the spectrum of atmospheric Argon. Further and more certain information on these points will be eagerly expected by chemists.

IN the current number of the *Forum* the preponderating interest is distinctly American, though there are a few notable articles on more general topics, including one by Mr. Frederic Harrison on the work of Charlotte Brontë—or, rather, on "Jane Eyre"—"with all its faults, one of the most creative influences of Victorian literature"; and another by Dr. Emmett Holt on the Anti-Toxin Treatment in Diphtheria. Of the American articles, apart from the politics, the most suggestive for English readers is that on Village Improvement Societies—Kyrle societies for beautifying villages by tree-planting and fountain-making, and the general promotion of order and beauty. These have an admirable field in the ample room of an American village; but the idea might well be taken up by a spirited Parish Council. Among the political articles, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in the course of an article on Tariff Reform, proposes to put special duties on Canadian products on the ground that Canada is a menace to the United States—a curious inversion. Senator Lodge falls on the Democratic party as an American Manchester school, and pronounces a comprehensive condemnation on all President Cleveland's foreign policy, extolling the Provisional Government of Hawaii and urging intervention, on the basis of the Monroe doctrine, between Great Britain and Venezuela. It is notable that he insists that the completion of the Nicaragua Canal must entail the annexation of Cuba.

OBITUARY.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET, whose death at the age of eighty-three was followed next day by that of his wife, was a well-known figure in Parliament some five-and-thirty years ago. He had been at the battle of Navarino as a midshipman, had served as Secretary of the Admiralty under Lord Palmerston, had represented Sandwich in Parliament, and had resigned his seat in 1863 to take command of the Mediterranean Squadron.—Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, had distinguished himself in the Sikh War in India, and had done excellent though necessarily unostentatious service in organising our forces for the suppression of the Indian Mutiny.—Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, G.C.B., had also served as a Sea Lord under Lord Palmerston, and had been Commander-in-Chief at the Mediterranean and at Devonport. Sir Joseph Needham had been Chief Justice of Trinidad and previously of Vancouver's Island. He had done good service, while serving in the latter capacity, in quelling a dangerous disturbance among the miners in the early days of British Columbia.—Mr. H. H. Hayter was well known as the official statistician of Victoria.—Mr. John Bell was a sculptor of considerable distinction, whose work may be seen at the Albert Memorial and elsewhere.—Mr. W. B. Smith, of Birmingham, had done good service in the later 'forties and early 'fifties as an agitator for Parliamentary reform and against the newspaper stamp duty.—Mr. Henry Gover, "father of the London School Board," and a strong Progressive, had fought with energy against the obnoxious circular last year. His seat at Greenwich will presumably be filled by a Diggleite under that co-optative system which is one of the defects in the constitution of the Board.

A DYING COALITION.

"THE strange case of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Courtney" might form the title of an article on the present position of the Liberal Unionist party. The fact that Mr. Courtney owes the loss of the coveted prize of the Speakership to Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to support his candidature is undoubted, and it is not unnatural that it should have given rise to some curious reflections. Two interpretations of the action of the Liberal Unionist leader have been given to the world during the week.

The first is based upon what may be described as the doctrine of Mr. Chamberlain's original and innate depravity. The member for West Birmingham, say those who hold this view, can never be loyal to anybody but himself, and can never permit any associate to rise above him in the race for pre-eminence. It is for this reason that he has deliberately set himself to thwart the wishes of his most powerful colleague in the House of Commons, and Mr. Courtney has only learned, as many other men have learned before, that Mr. Chamberlain is a man in whom it is impossible to place one's trust. This seems to be the favourite interpretation of the distinctly discreditable incident of last Monday, when the Liberal Unionist party, at Mr. Chamberlain's instigation, deliberately refused to countenance Mr. Courtney's candidature for the Speakership. It is an interpretation, we are bound to admit, that is supported by many incidents in Mr. Chamberlain's past career. His whole life since he entered Parliament, and possibly before he did so, has been a life of struggle and intrigue, in which many who have stood in his path, even though he professed to regard them as friends, have been ruthlessly shouldered out of the way in order to admit of his own advancement. It is, perhaps, not unnatural that those who review his whole career from the early days when Mr. George Dixon pathetically protested against the notion that Mr. Chamberlain and Birmingham were synonymous words, down to his flight from the division lobby when Sir Henry James was making his attack upon the Indian cotton duties, should believe that his treatment of Mr. Courtney is simply due to this strong personal idiosyncrasy of his.

It may be so; and yet we hesitate to believe it. We have had occasion more than once to speak strongly with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's restless ambition, unconquerable arrogance, and resolute disregard of the interests of anybody but himself. Yet we cannot believe that he has really been guilty of the act of treachery towards Mr. Courtney which so many persons have attributed to him. It is a simpler and a more natural explanation of his conduct to regard it as the inevitable consequence of the position in which he finds himself as leader of the Liberal Unionist party. In that position he is bound to act in concert with Mr. Balfour and the Tory party. If he were to oppose his allies, the alliance would at once come to an end, and with it would end the Liberal Unionist party. It is this necessity, we imagine, and not any personal disloyalty to Mr. Courtney, that compelled Mr. Chamberlain on Monday finally to dissociate himself from any movement for placing the member for Lisgard in the Speaker's chair. The truth is that the Liberal Unionist party has to pay a heavy price for the position which it now occupies. In the last House of Commons Mr. Chamberlain was the master of the situation. He had the Tory Government at his mercy, and he could dictate his own terms to it. In the present House of Commons his position is altogether different. He cannot convert the minority, in which both branches of the Unionist party now stand, into a majority, and he no longer, therefore, possesses the control of the Opposition. Nor is this all. Unenviable as the position of the Liberal Unionists now is, it promises to be more unenviable still in the new Parliament. Whatever may be the fate of the two great parties at the General Election, the Liberal Unionists are bound to come off badly from the fray. The Tories are quite clear-sighted enough to recognise this fact, and though we do not doubt that Mr. Balfour and his friends on the Front Bench would be glad to make the path of Mr. Chamberlain and his little band of followers as easy as possible, they cannot curb the impatience of the great mass of the Tory party, who revolt against the notion of being compelled to surrender seats which they believe ought properly to be their own to the keeping of the dictator of Birmingham. In this fact, we imagine, lies the key, not only to the rejection of Mr. Courtney, but to the political situation as a whole. Liberal Unionism has done its work and has had its day. The Tories, who have never liked Mr. Chamberlain, and who have always looked upon the Liberal Unionist party as being merely a crutch to help them in time of difficulty, are daily becoming more fully satisfied that they can at a pinch do without their allies. Filled with this belief, they are not at all inclined to make any concessions to Mr. Chamberlain and his friends. The bitter anger which is shown by the Leamington Conservatives at the transaction which has handed their borough over to the keeping of the Liberal Unionists is felt in many another place, and it is not unlikely to have serious consequences at the General Election.

It is impossible not to feel a certain degree of pity for Mr. Chamberlain in his present predicament. That one who has carried things with so high a hand hitherto, and who has apparently assumed that, so long as he willed it, he could exercise irresponsible power in the Conservative camp, should have fallen to his present condition of impotence is sad indeed. But as a matter of fact, what is happening now was from the first foreseen. Over and over again the Liberal Unionists have been warned both by Liberals and Tories that there is no place under the English Constitution for a permanent third party. Sooner or later the time was bound to come when they would have to choose between absorption in the ranks of their present allies and a return to the party from which they have chosen to separate themselves. Recent events seem to prove that this time has now arrived. So far as Mr. Chamberlain himself is concerned, if he is a wise man he will recognise the inevitable and forthwith throw himself into the ranks of the Tory party, for in his case there is no possible return to the army which he quitted and which he has striven to betray. But there must be some at least among his followers to whom the idea of absorption in modern Toryism must be very hateful. We can only hope that those among them who shrink from this idea will reconsider their position, and ask themselves whether they can possibly continue to kick against the pricks, to bear the name of Liberal and at the same time spend their lives in thwarting a Liberal policy. If they cannot read the signs of the times as they are to be seen in this struggle for the Speakership and in the election controversies at Leamington and Hythe, they must be blind indeed. For our part we hope that no inconsiderable proportion of their party will recognise the fact that their present position is an utterly false one, and that they cannot remain in any sense true to Liberalism unless they return to the Liberal fold. They have tried a dangerous experiment which has often been tried before, and always with the same result. They are meeting the fate which overwhelmed seceders in former generations, and they cannot honestly pretend to be surprised at the treatment they are now receiving.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE angry censures passed by the European press upon the German Parliament are perfectly natural and intelligible. No doubt, it was an unusual step that was taken by the President of the

Diet when he asked the House to authorise him to congratulate Prince Bismarck on his eightieth birthday. But though the step was an unusual one there is, on the surface, something repugnant to the common instincts of humanity in the refusal of the Parliament to give the authority asked for by its President. When a man who has filled a great place in public life has reached his eightieth year, it seems ridiculous as well as churlish to decline to congratulate him on his birthday. Nobody would have been hurt if the German Parliament had agreed last Saturday to the request of its President; whilst a great many people, including the octogenarian himself, must be hurt by its refusal to do so. This is the obvious aspect of the matter, and we are not surprised at the action of those newspapers which have denounced most strenuously the conduct of the Diet. But it seems to us that they have overdone their indignation. We admit that it was an ungracious thing to refuse birthday congratulations to a public servant so distinguished as Prince Bismarck. But to talk of the German Parliament as having "disgraced" itself by its action is an abuse of language. After all, it is very certain that the men who opposed the President's motion last Saturday believed that they had good reason for doing so. It is ridiculous to ascribe to them a desire to offer a wanton insult to an illustrious veteran. There were Englishmen who were bitterly opposed to the voting of public money for the erection of a statue in the Houses of Parliament to Lord Beaconsfield after his death. We think they were wrong in thus objecting, for whatever some of us may think of Lord Beaconsfield, he was unquestionably a very eminent man who had played a great part in the public life of his country, and who had won for himself the enthusiastic admiration of one of the two great political parties in the State. But nobody dreamt of saying that the people who opposed the vote were "disgracing" themselves by doing so. They were completely within their rights when they made their protest. We do not see how it could be maintained that the German Opposition was not equally within its rights last Saturday. Lord Beaconsfield was dead before the country was asked to raise a statue in his honour. His work was done, and he was no longer an influence in public affairs. But Prince Bismarck is still very much alive, and he has not hesitated to use whatever influence he still possesses, not only for the furtherance of his own views, but for the confusion of those whom he regards as his enemies—among whom, down to a very recent date, he unquestionably counted the German Emperor himself.

Bearing these facts in mind, we are unable to share in the indignation which has been expressed by so many of our contemporaries both in this country and abroad. Nor can we forget that the proposal to offer a special mark of honour to Prince Bismarck was put forward in such a way as to give it a distinctly partisan aspect. Rightly or wrongly, it is believed that the Prince's influence has been apparent in several recent events in Germany. The German public gives him credit for having been largely instrumental in bringing about the downfall of Count Caprivi. He is notoriously opposed to many of the proposals which a majority of the German Parliament favour, and we cannot forget that his whole course of action since his retirement from office has been such as to show that he is still as rancorous a partisan and as bitter an enemy as he ever was. Why should we in these circumstances regard the men who opposed the proposal to congratulate him on his eightieth birthday as being necessarily depraved and inhuman? We may regret that they should have taken this particular method of expressing their opinions, but we cannot regard them as having gone beyond their undoubted rights, and we cannot acquit Prince Bismarck's friends of having deliberately and intentionally provoked their action. It is needless to recall those features of the Prince's career as Chancellor which throw light upon the conduct of the German Parliament. Everybody is more than ready to do justice to his great achievements. Nor can it be said that Germany has shown any indisposition to reward them. It is childish, indeed, to charge Germans with a want of gratitude to the man who was the hero of the war of 1870, and whose inflexible will and statesmanlike capacity had so large a share in building up the present German Empire. But we cannot forget that whilst the war of 1870 is now an old story, there are many questions in the political life of Germany of more modern date in connection with which Prince Bismarck's name is associated with principles that are hateful to large numbers of his fellow-countrymen. He has deliberately chosen throughout his public life to show no quarter to his enemies. He cannot complain if they now return the compliment. It would have been better for everybody—better for Germany, and better most assuredly for Prince Bismarck himself—if the old age which has followed his stormy manhood had been allowed to pass in peace and honour, and if he had now been able to enjoy the affection and the gratitude of all classes of his fellow-countrymen. But he himself has willed that it should be otherwise, and his name, in consequence, still serves as a battle-cry among contending factions. Europe may deplore the fact, but it cannot blame Prince Bismarck's foes for doing that which his friends themselves persist in doing.

By far the most remarkable incident in connection with this untoward affair is the action of the Emperor William. It may turn out that his telegram to the ex-Chancellor will prove to be a document of the highest political importance. If it does nothing else, it will at least serve to show how far Germany still is from realising the true meaning of a Parliamentary Constitution. What would be thought of the English Sovereign who, immediately after the adoption of a certain resolution by the House of Commons, had publicly expressed his "deepest indignation," and had declared the resolution to be diametrically opposed to public opinion? We know, of course, that the German people have as yet only reached the halfway house on the road to the attainment of the full constitutional liberty which we now enjoy. But the extent to which they fall short of our English ideas was never so clearly manifested as in this telegram from the Emperor. Probably he was himself moved by some tardy prickings of conscience when he despatched that message to his grandfather's old servant. After all, it is to the Emperor himself that the fall of Bismarck and the events which followed it must be directly attributed. It is curious, indeed, when we recall the events of the last half-dozen years, to see that Prince Bismarck's champion is no less a person than the Emperor himself. We must do full justice to his Majesty's magnanimity as well as to his impulsiveness. It is only an emperor who is capable of espousing so generously the cause of a man whom he has himself cast down from the pedestal of honour he once occupied. But whilst we may give the Emperor credit for his chivalry in hastening to console Prince Bismarck, we cannot forget that he has thrown down the glove to his Parliament, and that in doing so he may have taken the first step in a conflict which will have serious consequences for the German Empire and the German people.

THE WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT DEBATE.

WE can well understand why the Tories were anxious to prolong the debate on the first and second reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill to the portentous length of seven Parliamentary days. It is to their interest to waste the time of the House, and so to prevent the Government proceeding with the Irish Land Bill, which will strengthen the Liberals in Ulster, or with social and economic legislation like that in charge of Mr. Bryce, which is desired by the country at large. It is also to the interest of the Opposition to exaggerate the magnitude of the Welsh Bill, so as to instil in the popular mind the notion that the question of the Establishment of the Church of England is in some way at issue. On the Welsh Bill, as a Welsh Bill for Wales, they have no case. It is only by making English Churchmen think that the Bill vitally affects the Church in England as well, that any serious Opposition can be organised. What, then, could better suit the Tory game than seven nights of debate, during which Liberal members would be gently led off from the subject to discuss the question of Disestablishment either for England or in the air, from the point of view of a High Church Liberationist like Mr. George Russell, or of a philosophic Free Churchman like Mr. Wallace, or of a moderate or common-sense man like Mr. Roby? It is not by any means so clear to the onlooker why the Liberal members and the Liberal whips and the Liberal leaders walked so unwarily into the spider's parlour. They may urge that the debate has been useful because the supporters of the Bill got so very much the best of it. But, after all, one's own side always gets the best of it. And even if it is perfectly clear (as we venture to think it is) that Liberals could get the best of a debate on the question of Disestablishment of the Church of England, it is not clear that it would be to the party advantage to raise that question, or slide into debating that question, when the Government are proposing nothing of the kind. Irrelevancy is seldom good tactics for a Ministerialist. Take Mr. George Russell's brilliant speech. It was a pleasure to listen to it; it is a pleasure to read it. But most of it was miles away from the point. And the views expounded, however much we may individually sympathise with them, are the views, as Lord Wolmer truly said, of an infinitely small proportion of English Churchmen. The notion of disestablishing the Church of a majority in order to enable that Church to freely develop its discipline and dogma is as much out of the region of thought of the average English voter as is Mr. Wallace's somewhat captious criticism of Mr. Balfour's metaphysics. To carry this Bill through the House of Commons and to carry it in the country after it has passed, as Thackeray and Sir Richard Temple say, into darkness, our first, our second, and our third object must be to stick to the point.

It is mainly, perhaps, for this reason that we think the speech of Mr. Samuel Evans was—only excepting Mr. Asquith's speech in moving the second reading—the most valuable of the debate. Mr. Evans spoke with knowledge and understanding of his subject, and did not wander away from it. The abstract question whether it is justifiable for Parliament to disestablish a Church and transfer the endowments to secular uses seems to most people not worth arguing. That Parliament can justifiably disestablish is scarcely disputed, and Parliament has often secularised the property of religious bodies, both before and since the Reformation. The property of the Templars was secularised, and Sir Edward Clarke enjoys part of it; Henry V. secularised the property of the alien priories, and part of the plunder went to found All Souls'; Wolsey secularised the smaller monasteries, and part of the proceeds went to Christ Church; Henry VIII. secularised all the other monasteries, and even Mary did not propose to restore them. We have, within the present reign, disestablished the Church in Canada and other colonies as well as in Ireland, and Sir Edward Clarke, when he spoke of Irish Disestablishment as a national sin, was fitly reminded that Lord Salisbury voted in favour of it. In almost every Continental country there has been some similar act of secularisation. It is quite ridiculous to speak of such diversions of public property to other uses as robbery.

What we have to prove is not that secularisation may be lawful, but that in Wales, for the sake of the Welsh people and the Welsh Church, it is expedient. The first thing we have to show, therefore, is that a large majority are in favour of it. This we can prove by every available statistical test. It is proved by votes at elections. Not merely are 31 out of 34 members for Wales and Monmouthshire in favour of Disestablishment, but, as Mr. Evans pointed out, seven Unionist candidates pledged themselves to support it, and ten were silent in their addresses. "True," says the Bishop of St. Asaph's, with his colossal capacity for throwing discredit on his own case, "some of the Unionist candidates at the last General Election were in favour of Disestablishment, but not one of them was in favour of Disestablishment *and* Disendowment. But this is the important point." Surely these poor Welsh Unionists must be hard pressed between their bishops and their voters. Taking, again, the test of communicants, the Church has 6 per cent. while the Nonconformists have 22 per cent. of the population. The test is a very favourable one for the Church, for the age of admission to the Holy Communion is much earlier, and the other conditions much easier, with it than with the other denominations; but even according to this test the Church cannot claim, in any sense, one-quarter of the whole population. Indeed, there is not room for one-quarter of the population in the Churches, for they would only seat one-fifth. The marriage test, again, is very favourable to the Church, for many Nonconformists are married in Church. In every English county—even Cornwall—the majority of marriages are celebrated in Church, but in Wales only about one in four. Thus it is evident that in Wales public funds intended for the whole people are monopolised by a few, and they, by their own confession, the richer. Is it not clear as daylight that Disestablishment would be for the advantage of the Welsh people?

The advantage to the Welsh Church is also clear. Mr. Plunkett, in an eloquent if impracticable speech, tried to distinguish the case from that of Ireland, because, as he said, the terms given to Ireland were more favourable. The only specific points he could put his finger on were the two points of the curates and commutation. He admitted that in Ireland there was an increase of nearly 30 per cent. in the number of curates between July 1869 and July 1871, a remarkable fact which would seem sufficient to prevent curates being compensated again. There is also the obvious fact that if a curate is paid by the rector out of the endowment of his living he cannot fairly claim compensation unless the rector's compensation is reduced proportionately. But curates are a detail. Commutation is more important, and on this matter we must once again direct attention to the fact that the Bill does allow commutation—not, it is true, for a capital sum, but for a fixed annuity. Insurance companies can do the rest, if the Church

Representative Body considers the capital sum easier to handle. But, as Mr. Plunkett very truly pointed out, the Irish Church did not start with a large endowment; it has accumulated the endowment since. In 1871 it had only about one million, since then subscriptions and accumulations have added another four or five. In other words, it was not commutation which mainly helped to set the Church on its feet again: indeed, we think commutation did the Church more harm than good. The Church was able to re-endow itself because it began in 1871 to receive subscriptions on the scale usual in free churches, while stipends only came in course of payment out of these subscriptions when the incumbents living in 1870 died. Precisely the same facilities for forming a sustentation fund will be open to the Church of Wales, and the classes to which it will appeal are at least as rich as those who re-endowed the Church of Ireland. All the other differences between Wales and Ireland go in favour of the former. In Ireland, the Church did undoubtedly suffer in some places where the population was almost entirely Roman Catholic, and there was no one to support a church. In Wales, the Church population is more equally distributed. In Ireland there was no considerable section outside the Church which it could hope, when it became free, to bring within it. The Celts were hereditarily Catholics, the Scots hereditarily Presbyterians. In Wales there is no such deep and essential distinction. There is no reason why a Welsh Episcopal Church should not, by kinder methods, adapt itself to a musical, warm-hearted, and pious people, who left the Church rather of the Church's will than theirs. We hear that even without Disestablishment the Church is making great efforts. After Disestablishment, these efforts will, in all probability, produce fewer pamphlets and more disciples.

"IN CANADA AND ELSEWHERE."

LAST week Lord Salisbury went down to Limehouse to lend his assistance to those Churchmen who wish to dissipate the forces which make for effective education in secular subjects, in the fatuous hope of thereby promoting the interests of the Church of England. He furnished them with the materials for a novel definition of liberty of conscience—which, it seems, is to mean, under existing conditions, the liberty of securing by "judicious infractions" of the Education Acts that one's own creed shall be taught at the expense of the ratepayers in general. He held out the familiar but admittedly remote ideal of a division of the rates between the schools of the various religious denominations, and he recommended that the means of meeting the religious difficulty should be studied in the light of experience "in Canada and elsewhere." The reference is timely, but for a supporter of denominationalism it is curiously infelicitous. The Australian colonies, as everybody knows, have long disposed of "the religious difficulty" by a secularism equalled in some of its manifestations only in anti-clerical France. Several of the States of the American Union, in alarm at the activity of the Roman Catholics, have recently passed amendments to their constitutions, expressly forbidding the granting of public money to any denominational school. And now in Canada, after five years of unsettlement, the measures which the Dominion Government has at last been forced to take to relieve the alleged grievance under which the Catholics of Manitoba have suffered since 1890 have been met with the threat of a rebellion in that province, and have raised a furious conflict between Protestants and Catholics throughout the Dominion.

The case, which has been presented in a fragmentary way in the Canadian telegrams of the last fortnight, offers some curious constitutional problems, but otherwise is simple enough. In most of the provinces of the Dominion the State-aided schools are uniformly undenominational. But in Ontario and Quebec the ideal held out by Lord Salisbury is very nearly realised. There are separate schools for Protestants and Catholics, paid for out of the rates, and controlled by separate bodies of elected "trustees." A religious minority in any school district can make formal objection to using the schools provided by the majority, and can then elect its own trustees, and provide its own schools out of its own contribution to the education rate. This course is followed by the Protestant minority in Quebec—in those districts where there is one—and by the Catholic minority in Ontario; but the Protestant schools are unsectarian. The British North America Act—the "organic statute" which forms the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada—safeguards these rights in any province which possessed a system of separate denominational schools at the time the Dominion was formed; a description, however, which only applies to Ontario and Quebec. And it confers on the Dominion Legislature the power of overriding any interference with them on the part of the Provincial Parliaments. Manitoba was admitted later—in 1870—and adopted these provisions as to education by an Act of its own Legislature. At that time the Catholics—mostly descendants of the old French *voyageurs*—were at least half the population. Since that time the Protestant population has come to outnumber the Catholic by nearly six to one. In 1890 accordingly the separate school system gave place to the undenominational. The Catholics proposed to appeal to the Dominion Government. After a long struggle in the courts the question of their right to do so was finally decided in the affirmative by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council just two months ago. Accordingly they made their appeal "to the Governor-General in Council"—in other words, to the Dominion Cabinet. The question was argued by counsel—the advocates of the Catholics, it must be admitted, having the best of the law, and those of the Provincial Government basing their arguments chiefly on grounds of policy. The grievance, the latter maintained, was only imaginary. The Catholic laity would send their children into the State schools if only it were not for the priesthood. Catholic countries generally were more illiterate than Protestant. Moreover, the separate schools really kept up the old ethnical distinction of French and English, which was exemplified in the Red River Rebellion; and a supplementary system of separate Catholic schools, by drawing on the funds available for education, would break up the whole educational system of the province. However, the Government have issued the order: "let them enforce it if they can."

In its constitutional aspects the quarrel is interesting enough. The Federation of Canada is not, like the American Union or the Swiss Confederation, a coalition of States which have delegated specific powers to the Central Government. The provinces and the Central Government have received their powers simultaneously from above. It is the provinces which are confined to their specific powers; the "unexplored remainder," so to speak, is virtually vested in the Central Government, which holds "all such powers as are necessary for maintaining peace and good order in the Dominion," together with certain more specific powers—among them those of protecting the educational rights of religious

minorities under certain conditions, which, as it happens, are only fulfilled in Ontario and Quebec. The Manitobans maintain that their own school system is a matter for their own Legislature alone. That body adopted the conditions which prevail in two of the older provinces: it can abolish them if it pleases. The order of the Dominion Government cannot be enforced against the will of the Manitoban Legislature. If the attempt is made and based on the right of the Central Government to enforce order in the Dominion, it must be backed by the Dominion Parliament: and how can any Parliament be compelled to legislate in a particular way? At any rate, the Dominion Ministry hesitate either to summon Parliament at once, or to appeal to the country. Ontario, at any rate, will not, apparently, back them. Orangeism even in the north of Ireland, is hardly so strong as it is there; and its leading organ threatens that "the heather will be set on fire." It is a lamentable thing, no doubt, that a matter which ought to be dealt with purely as affecting education should be thus complicated with antipathies of religion and race. But the fact remains that the Manitoban majority and the bulk of the Canadian Protestants are fighting to enable the local authorities, not to break the law in favour of denominational schools, but to strain it in favour of schools which are exclusively undenominational. We do not expect a statesman whose interests lie chiefly on the continent of Europe to know much more about the educational systems of the British Empire than we are aware that he knows about the London County Council or the Unification of London. But if the English Canadians, and the United States, and New Zealand, and Tasmania, and all the Australian colonies, save the backward western division, have pronounced decisively against denominationalism in education, what becomes of Lord Salisbury's appeal in the interest of that system to the experience of "Canada and elsewhere"?

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

IT is with great satisfaction that we observe the manifest awakening of public interest in England on the question of Armenia. The apathy of which we have so long had to complain is at last passing away. It would be strange, indeed, if it could have survived the publication of the shocking stories which have been told in the daily papers during the last few days. Those stories, which are necessarily given on hearsay evidence, may be inaccurate in some details, and perhaps exaggerated in their horrors. We do not pretend to pin our faith to every statement they contain. For the sake of humanity itself, we hope that the correspondents have—in some cases, at all events—been mistaken in the incidents they have narrated. But even when we make the fullest allowance for errors in fact, the bitter and shameful truth remains that a reign of terror prevails among the Armenians of Asia Minor, and that the most cruel outrages are being committed by that Turkish Government which owes its very existence at this moment to our protection, upon the Christians whom we have left at its mercy. We are glad to see that it is only in the most obscure quarters in the English press that there is any disposition to make light of these facts or to deny their reality. It is Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and his admirers out of Parliament who alone stand forward as the champions of the Turk on this occasion.

But though the Sultan may rest assured that he has no friends in England, and that he has alienated the sympathies of those who once rendered him services of inestimable value, it is not enough that this country should maintain towards him an attitude of unfriendly neutrality. Our responsibility is far too heavy to allow of our doing so. It is we who have made it possible for the Turk to rob, to outrage, and to murder the Christians of Asia Minor. It is we who must step forward to protect these helpless creatures from his fury. The deputation which was to wait upon Lord Kimberley yesterday had a right to insist that our Foreign Office shall not remain passive whilst this devils' work is being carried on in Armenia. The difficulties of the Armenian Question are, we know, very great. It would be an easy matter for the English Government to stay the destroying hand of the Sultan if it could depend upon the cordial co-operation of Europe. But that co-operation does not exist. The Porte is ingeniously striving to detach Russia from Great Britain and to convince the French Government that any English interference on behalf of the Armenians will be really dictated by some sinister motive on our part. These are the great difficulties which at present stand in the way of effective action on the part of Lord Kimberley and his colleagues. How are they to be overcome? Clearly, in the first place, by the full awakening of public opinion in this country to the truth about Armenia. That truth seems to be every bit as terrible as it was in 1876, when we witnessed that great popular uprising before which Lord Beaconsfield and his party were swept like chaff, and which had as its ultimate result the liberation of the Bulgarians. If a similar movement takes place in Great Britain now, we may rest assured that it will not be in vain. Its influence will be felt not only in Turkey but in Russia, and the Czar will be forced to recognise the direction in which his duty calls him. We trust, therefore, that yesterday's deputation to the Foreign Secretary, and the awakening of the press to the reality of the situation in Asia Minor, are only the prelude to a wider and more imposing demonstration on behalf of those whom Great Britain is morally bound to protect, and whose cause is the same as our own, not merely in religious creed, but in political interest.

FINANCE.

THE Settlement on the Stock Exchange this week was heavier than for some time past, and very much occupied the attention of both dealers and brokers. It seems clear that much of the buying in the South African gold market of late has been purely speculative, for the demand for money at the Settlement was large, and rates within the Stock Exchange—"carrying over" rates, as they are called—were considerably higher. In spite of that, however, the market has been very firm, and in many cases there has been a further rise. The Continent—more particularly France—is still buying on a considerable scale. Here, at home, the purchasing would seem to be very largely speculative. It is quite possible that the movement may go on for some time yet, especially if French purchasing continues. But most prices are now exceedingly high—far too high, we venture to think—and before very long, therefore, there must be a set-back. In the American department, there has been for a week or fortnight more speculation than has been seen for a couple of years. It is argued that the withdrawals of gold from the Treasury have stopped, that the Messrs. Rothschild and the Messrs. Morgan are strong enough to prevent further withdrawals, that trade is improving, that the fall in prices has been excessive, and that it is time, therefore, to

see a recovery. But our readers will do well not to be led away by these optimist arguments. About the middle of the week many operators sold to secure their profits. For the moment, therefore, the speculation has been checked. It will be well if it is not resumed again too rashly. At home trade is improving quietly and slowly. The woollen trade in Yorkshire, especially, is decidedly more active; and there has been some advance in the prices of many commodities. The home railway market is, therefore, steady, although the traffics are not very satisfactory. On the Continental Bourses there is not much doing. Evidently, the fall of the Sagasta Cabinet in Spain through the action of the military has discomposed the speculators in Paris, and this week there has been some decline in general prices on the Bourse there. In Paris speculation has been wild for a considerable time; but it is true that money is very abundant and cheap, and the feeling of the country is very hopeful.

The rates of interest and discount have been rising for some weeks, and this week a considerable amount has been borrowed from the Bank of England. The rise in rates, however, is only temporary, being due to the large revenue collections, to the shipments of gold recently to the United States, and more lately to Chili, to the approach of the end of the quarter, and to the somewhat reckless speculation in South African securities. Gold, however, is coming in from abroad very freely. Although a very large amount has been again sent to Chili this week, the net receipts at the Bank have, for the week ended Wednesday night, very nearly amounted to £600,000, and it is known that further large sums are coming. Besides, it looks as if gold in considerable amounts will be received from Paris, and at any moment the shipments from New York may begin again. After this week, the large revenue collections will come to an end; in a very few days the interest on the National Debt will be paid, and therefore the supply of money in the open market will be largely increased. It is probable, therefore, that money will continue abundant and cheap throughout the summer. Of course, if trade improves, it will ultimately make money dearer; but the improvement, so far, is very slow, and there is nothing to lead us to suppose that it will become very much more active for months yet. The India Council on Wednesday offered for tender 60 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and sold the whole amount at an average of about 1s. 1$\frac{5}{16}$d. per rupee, which is the highest price that has been received for a long time. The applications, too, were very large—about four times the amount offered. The Council has obtained, by its sales, very nearly the whole amount estimated for in the Budget, and it must be admitted that it has done much better than at one time looked probable. It has been helped, of course, very materially by the war between China and Japan, and the recent rise in silver has been likewise of benefit to it. Silver this week has continued to rise. At one time the price was as high as 29¼d. per ounce. If peace is concluded between Japan and China and a large indemnity loan is raised in silver, the price of the metal will go higher. But if, which is not impossible, Japan should insist upon being paid in gold, there would be a sudden fall in silver, and there might be a sharp rise in the rates of interest and discount here in London. For if Japan were to reject silver and adopt the gold standard, and were to draw upon London for the means of doing so, the supply of loanable capital here would be greatly decreased.

BISMARCK AND HIS GERMANS.

A MAJORITY of the people's representatives in the German Parliament assembled has in these days deliberately declined to join in celebrating the eightieth birthday of Prince Bismarck. In Germany, and still more so elsewhere, efforts are made to gloss this fact over by pretending that this Parliamentary majority did not represent the majority of German voters; but such efforts are as futile as to pretend that a similar action could be devoid of meaning in London or Washington. The German Parliament, as a body of upright, learned, and patriotic citizens, will bear favourable comparison with any similar organisation, and amongst those who opposed offering honours to Bismarck were many public men of world-wide reputation. The significance of the fact cannot be minimised by any attempt to reflect upon the personal quality of those who voted—especially in a body elected on such liberal principles as is the Reichstag.

In 1862 Bismarck won his King's favour, and at the same time the post of Prime Minister, by offering to carry on the Prussian Government in spite of Parliament. That same King fourteen years before had been forced to seek refuge in England in order to escape personal violence at the hands of those who finally secured a Constitution in spite of the Crown. The venerable William I. had a keen dislike for popular assemblies of every kind, and he never could show too much gratitude for a Minister who taught him the art of keeping up a great army without having to ask his Parliament for the money. In 1866 came the great war with Austria, which ended so successfully for Bismarck that Parliament forgave him his past behaviour, and passed an Act to that effect. Bismarck was now forced to become more than a Prussian. The other States of Germany made with Prussia a federal union which once more revived the idea of a German Empire—an idea that had been stifled in 1848, and stifled before that in 1814, when united Germany drove back the First Napoleon. The people longed for a German Empire; they were ashamed of being only Saxons, or Würtembergers, Hamburgers, or Bavarians. They were conscious of their unity in language, ancestry, and political aims; but, to make these things tell, they must have one flag—one head.

Bismarck as a Prussian took no interest in these aspirations. He believed that the Prussian army could conquer what it needed, as it had conquered Hanover and other sections of the great Fatherland. If Prussia joined a great German Empire, argued the man of iron, she would have to place herself on a level with the rest, and run the risk of being outvoted in the general Parliament. Bismarck remained all his life a type of the Prussian Tory hostile to all reforms excepting in so far as his own interests as a landowner were consulted. The war of 1870, however, brought forces into play which Bismarck had never before appreciated. In this war Germany became a nation in arms for the first time since Blücher marched his men to Waterloo by way of Leipzig. The Princes of Germany who gathered under the walls of Paris in 1871, for once represented the public opinion of their respective lands when they offered an imperial crown to the Prussian monarch, and with it a Constitution for the German Union. We have the word of the late Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince, for believing that Bismarck, so far from leading German public opinion toward union, opposed this idea as long as he prudently dared, and yielded only when he found opposition unavailing. Nevertheless, the people of Germany then, as now, honour him for the part he took in making Germany a nation; for most of his admirers believe that he alone conceived the grand idea.

In the days of framing the German Constitution, Bismarck courted the assistance of men whom he now denounces as enemies of their country. I need not mention names; they will occur readily to anyone familiar with the leading men of German political life. The German Constitution as created by Bismarck makes no provision for a constitutional Prime Minister. His idea was that the Chancellor should represent, not the people, but the Crown; that he should hold

his post whether he had behind him a majority or hopeless minority. Bismarck never identified himself with his Parliament in any manner. On the contrary, he several times grossly insulted its members and contemptuously declined giving any satisfaction. On more than one occasion members who had been insulted sought the protection of the courts, but here they were informed that Bismarck, being of military rank, could be tried only by a military court; and this court naturally threw out all actions against the Chancellor as frivolous.

Bismarck always appeared in Parliament wearing his soldier dress and long sword; he was very fond of his uniform, and from his seat in Parliament he was apt to address the members as though he were a colonel addressing recruits. And yet this was all masquerade. Bismarck was not a soldier but a lawyer by profession. His King gave him the privilege of wearing this fancy dress, but it represented no military services whatsoever. Even on so solemn an occasion as laying the foundation stone to the new Houses of Parliament in Berlin (1884) Bismarck wore the uniform of a Cuirassier, as though to give notice that he had nothing in common with the methods of government symbolised by the stone he was asked to strike. The speeches of Bismarck were full of threats to such members of Parliament as might oppose his Bills, but they will be searched in vain for any support to the doctrine that the best government is one for the people and by the people.

In short, Bismarck for a full third of a century has held his own and all other Parliaments in contempt, and has not even taken pains to conceal the extent of his feelings on this subject. He has never commanded the confidence of thinking patriotic Germans in regard to domestic affairs. Men amply fit to express an opinion have assured me that in Parliament they voted against Bismarck in the constant fear that he might act again as he did in 1862. Bismarck introduced in 1878 the exceptional police regulations, nominally aimed at Socialists, but really aimed at all Liberals who voted according to their own judgment rather than at the orders of the Chancellor. During this exceptional *régime* the secret police developed an activity of the most demoralising kind, and Berlin came to be a second St. Petersburg. The present Emperor had the good sense to put an end to this as soon as he could.

In 1890 Bismarck was removed from office for very satisfactory reasons, the chief being that he was in a hopeless minority, and had carried his Protectionism and Socialism to points where he lost control of them. Since that date he has spent a large share of his time in offering his Emperor such insults as formerly he had offered opposing members of Parliament. But William II. never on a single occasion noticed anything Bismarck said. He went to work quietly with Caprivi, undoing a large share of the mischief done, working in the line of Free Trade and friendship to England, and demonstrating most completely that Germany owed her greatness to more things than one Bismarck.

Far be it from me to determine whether the German Parliament did right or wrong in voting as it did, or to judge between the German people and the German Chancellor. I have here put down a hint or two received in conversation with German public men of different parties—men of character, of social position, and, above all, loyal Germans.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

BY A MERE OUTSIDER.

SATURDAY.—I hear authentic accounts of Lord Rosebery that are of the most encouraging kind, and that effectually put to flight the alarmist stories circulated by the gossips a few days ago. He is improving in health in every respect; his friends are delighted with his cheerfulness and courage, and there is not the smallest reason to suppose that he will not, before long, be completely free from the last clutch of the "Influenza Fiend." Lord Spencer, who visited him at the Durdans on Thursday, had a long walk with him, and brought the most satisfactory news of his condition back to town. So much for all the contemptible gossip of the last week. It is surely striking below the belt when political or personal opponents seize upon a man's passing indisposition, and try to use it to serve their own malicious ends. Mr. Fowler, too, I am glad to hear, is steadily mending. He has really been seriously ill, and he still suffers from the terrible influenza weakness. The serious news from India in the papers this morning will make him more anxious than ever to get back to his post.

As for the Speakership, there is another turn in the wheel, and quite unexpectedly Mr. Courtney's star seems to be in the ascendant. The Cabinet are greatly averse to taking Sir Matthew White Ridley. Sir Matthew, like Mr. Courtney himself, has been injured by the indiscretions of his zealous friends. It is ridiculous to attempt to force any man upon the House of Commons; and though Sir Matthew White Ridley would make a better Speaker than Mr. Courtney, Ministers will not accept him if he is made the subject of a Tory ultimatum. Whether they will be able to carry Mr. Courtney is another matter. The Liberal Unionists have evidently been stung by the reproaches addressed to them from many different quarters, and they are now professing that they have never really been opposed to Mr. Courtney's Speakership. One would like the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain to reconcile this statement with their own communications with Mr. Courtney and Mr. Balfour. But though the Liberal Unionists may have rallied to Mr. Courtney's side, there are still many Tories and some Radicals who will have none of him. Still, he has once more advanced to a place in the competition, and though there was always the possibility of the victory of the proverbial dark horse, it is possible that the original favourite may win eventually.

Last night's debate on the payment of Members recalls the old phrase regarding an organised hypocrisy. I do not for a moment question the fact that the Members who took part in the debate were thoroughly in earnest in what they said. But the votes given on behalf of Mr. Allen's motion came from men a large number of whom are notoriously opposed to the principle of payment of Members. They have accepted it because it was thrust mysteriously into the Newcastle Programme, but do not like it. Personally they do not desire it; and if it rested with them alone they would certainly not allow it to become law. It is rather melancholy that this revolutionary measure, which only a handful of persons in Parliament really desire, and which the majority of Liberals out of doors detest, may yet have a chance of being carried through want of official and Ministerial backbone.

Sunday.—The remarkable vote in the German Reichstag yesterday, when that body refused to join in congratulating Prince Bismarck on his eightieth birthday, coincides, curiously enough, with the return of Mr. Gladstone from his winter sojourn on the Riviera. It is pleasant to think that the kind of rancour which pursues Prince Bismarck in his retirement has not followed Mr. Gladstone since he withdrew from office. Only a few fools who are repudiated by their own political allies, like the women who hissed Mr. Gladstone when he arrived at Cannes, now fail to recognise the splendid qualities of the great Liberal. His arrival at Charing Cross yesterday was made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration. Many hundreds of persons assembled at the station to cheer him as he entered his carriage. Indeed, the crowd was as great as that which greeted him last year when he came home on the eve of his resignation. He has been absent more than two

months, and during the whole time has enjoyed excellent health. Mr. Armitstead, to whose devoted loyalty he owes so much, returned with him yesterday; whilst Mr. Hall, for the first time, accompanied the ex-Premier in the saloon carriage in which he rode from Dover. Mr. Hall, as everybody now knows, is a gentleman who has for years been the unobtrusive admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and his efficient voluntary courier on his journeys from London to the Continent. He invariably travels to Calais or Boulogne with Mr. Gladstone, and looks after his comfort on board the steamer and in other ways. Yesterday he was invited to ride in the carriage which brought the veteran statesman from Dover pier to Charing Cross. Mr. Gladstone will remain a few days in London, but it is exceedingly doubtful if he will visit the House of Commons. He might go there to vote if a critical division were expected; but he has no present intention of taking any part in the proceedings of the House.

Monday.—The bitter cry of the disunited Unionists still rings through the pages of the distracted *Times*. The letter of "Unionist," published in that journal last week, has only served to make matters worse. This is hardly to be wondered at, if the prevalent rumour that the letter is from the pen of Mr. Chamberlain is well-founded. It is quite clear to the ordinary observer that the relations of the two sections of the Unionist party are now very seriously strained. The Conservatives in the constituencies believe that the time has come when they can throw away "the crutch," and they insist that they shall be allowed full control in the political battle that is approaching. But it is not only between Liberal Unionists and Tories that the relations are strained just now. There is ample evidence of the fact that within the sacred fold of the Liberal Unionist party there is something very like a split. Mr. Chamberlain is looked upon with extreme coldness and suspicion just now, even by those who are among his most ardent political supporters. It would be strange if it were otherwise. How can Sir Henry James really trust the man who left him in the lurch upon the question of the Indian Cotton Duties, and whose ignominious attempt to shirk responsibility on that occasion made the whole movement against the duties contemptible and ridiculous? And how can Mr. Courtney feel graciously disposed towards the faithful ally who put his peremptory veto upon the suggestion that the Speakership should be offered to the Member for Liskeard? There is great indignation among the more independent Liberal Unionists at the refusal of Mr. Chamberlain to support Mr. Courtney; and the semi-official communication which was published in the papers last Friday, though it was at variance with the actual facts, undoubtedly recorded with accuracy the prevailing feeling among the Liberal Unionist rank and file.

In the meantime, if Mr. Chamberlain is wise, he will put an end, as soon as possible, to the dispute at Leamington. Judging by the bare recital of the admitted facts, it is apparent that the Liberal Unionists have not a leg to stand upon. Even if this were not the case, however, they would do well to bring this squabble to a close without any needless delay. The fact is, that it would hardly have taken place if it had not been for the geographical position of Leamington. It lies within the Birmingham district—the district in which Mr. Chamberlain claims the right of being the exclusive prophet, priest, and king. It is for his ascendency in Birmingham and the surrounding country that he has been struggling. It is for this that he threw over Mr. Courtney, and that he is now prepared to go to all lengths in order to keep Leamington. If he is a wise man, he will change his tactics, and let Leamington go.

Tuesday.—So the "compact" is to be carried out at all costs, and Mr. Chamberlain's "territory" is to be preserved intact even at the sacrifice of Mr. Courtney! It is a humiliating business for both Tories and Liberal Unionists, and I do not wonder that the *Times* should boggle and shuffle in its attempts to find some decent explanation for the proceedings of yesterday afternoon. Mr. Courtney, at all events, has good reason to feel that he has not only been abandoned, but betrayed, by his friends, and above all by his particular friend the Member for West Birmingham. The comments on the whole business in the Lobby are the reverse of flattering to Mr. Chamberlain, and if that gentleman knew in what light his conduct is regarded by many of those who have hitherto been among his admirers, I do not think that he would feel very comfortable. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that the Tories of Leamington have been handed over to his tender mercies, and that Mr. Balfour will, if necessary, whip them into his fold. As for the Speakership, it is now more of an open question than ever. A dead set is being made by some Liberals against Sir Matthew White Ridley, and an extravagant speech of his is being quoted against him as proof of his unfitness to take the Chair. This is rather absurd. Most politicians have made extravagant speeches in their time; but that does not imply that they would be unable to act with judicial impartiality in such a position as that of Speaker. Mr. Gully seems in danger of suffering, as Mr. Courtney did, from the indiscretions of his friends. The attempt to "run" him by means of a Radical round-robin is neither wise nor dignified. He may be chosen, but if so, the reasons for his selection are not very obvious. There are men on the Liberal benches who—to the outsider, at all events—seem to have ampler qualifications than his for the post for which he has been nominated. There is no doubt, however, that if he should be chosen he will discharge the duties of his office with perfect efficiency. But before the choice is made there must be a sharp conflict between the two parties. It is a great pity that this cannot be avoided.

Wednesday.—People are beginning to alter their view of the withdrawal of Mr. Courtney. A suspicion is creeping in that Mr. Chamberlain has been victimised in this transaction. No doubt, if he had chosen to stand firm, he would have secured the Speakership for his ally. But what if, in doing so, he had broken up the Unionist party? It is now being whispered darkly that this was the choice he had to make. If that be so, though his conduct has not been heroic, it has not been quite so incredibly mean as has been generally supposed. But he has suffered a tremendous reverse, and not even the winning of half a dozen Leamingtons will do away with its consequences. Besides, Leamington is by no means won yet, and there seems no small probability of its being secured by the insurgent Tory. There is a general belief that we have seen this week the beginning of the end of the unholy alliance. What Tories of the militant type really think of it may be gathered from the article in the *New Review* upon "Two Demagogues." They will take Liberal Unionist votes with pleasure. They may even agree to give a place or two to Mr. Chamberlain and his friends in the next Tory Administration. But it is upon the sole and indispensable condition that the Liberal Unionists lay aside all their old principles and become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the great Conservative party. It is a fine prospect that now lies before my Liberal Unionist friends!

Last night in the House was marked by some very good speech-making. Mr. Plunket, as the typical orator of the old school, delivered one of those mellifluous, well-conceived, admirably-arranged pieces of declamation which were more popular formerly than they are nowadays; but which are still listened to with pleasure in a House where the average speech is a slipshod, rambling, scrambling kind of performance. But the honours of the sitting fell to Mr. George Russell, who, with a lighter hand than Mr. Plunket, succeeded in making a deeper impression on the House. Besides, Mr. Russell was not afraid, even when discussing Welsh Disestablishment, to indulge in some humorous remarks; and

the House, it need hardly be said, dearly loves to be amused. Probably, some of his hearers were amazed at the ease and aptness with which he quoted long passages from Shakespeare and other writers. But this has always been Mr. Russell's *forte*. In private conversation he delights his friends by his seemingly inexhaustible store of amusing stories and extremely appropriate illustrations from modern literature. If all the books in England were to be burnt to-morrow, there are some of us who would hurry to Mr. George Russell, in order to take down from his lips some of those passages from our best writers which he has garnered in his wonderful memory.

Mr. Gladstone was to have left town this morning for Lincoln, but has postponed his departure for a day or two. He has seen a large number of his friends during his short stay in town, and has created something like a ripple of interest in the rather stagnant social world, where the shadow of the influenza is still perceptible. All who have seen him bear testimony to his excellent spirits and buoyant and vigorous demeanour. His keen interest in all that is passing is unabated; but naturally he has not talked on any question of controversial politics except to his most intimate friends. The Armenian Question troubles him much, and there is no doubt that he will before long take some active step to make his opinions known. But he is extremely anxious to do nothing that can embarrass the Government, and it is probable that he will wait until there is official evidence regarding the massacres before he uses his pen. That there is likely to be any dearth of such evidence is, unhappily, not very probable.

Thursday.—So the Tory leaders have carried out their threat, and have given formal notice to Mr. Gully that if he is elected as Speaker they will oppose his re-election in the next Parliament, and if they beat him refuse him the usual retiring pension. There is a fine "high-toned" chivalry about this proceeding that is worthy of the party which claims to represent the gentlemen of England. I have had occasion to remark that Mr. Courtney and Mr. Gully have both suffered in the candidature for the Speakership from the indiscretions of their friends. Sir Matthew White Ridley is also, it seems, to suffer in the same manner. If anything could fill every Liberal with a determination to oppose the Tory nominee it is this impudent attempt at bullying on the part of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues. Certainly, if Sir Matthew White Ridley could be shown to have had any part in the action of the Tories yesterday, all chance of securing the Speakership for him would be at an end. There is something ridiculous, too, in the pretence that the next General Election is a foregone conclusion. The Tory whips and agents know better than to believe this. They may try to make their followers believe that a Conservative victory is a certainty; but they know in their own hearts that the reality is very different, and that it is just as likely that the Speakership in the next Parliament will be in the gift of the Liberals as in that of their opponents.

The "dark horse" I mentioned yesterday as being possibly in the running for the Speakership is actually named in the *Times* this morning, the name given being that of Mr. Edmund Robertson. There is no doubt that Mr. Robertson would make an excellent Speaker. He has a far closer acquaintance with the rules of the House than that of most members; he has had official experience, and he holds a very high place in the esteem of his fellow-members. But it is questionable whether he himself would care for an office which would remove him from the arena of party politics in which he has already played a distinguished part, and where he is likely in the future to rise to eminence. The question of the Liberal candidature will probably be settled before these lines appear in print, for that there will be a Liberal candidate has been made certain by the arrogance with which Mr. Balfour has tried to force his own nominee upon the Government and the House. Though some apprehension is felt as to the result of the division on the first reading of the Local Veto Bill, the general impression is that the Tories are committing a serious blunder in dividing against the measure at this stage. Many fair-minded men in their own party will hesitate before refusing even to consider a measure which has for its object the removal of one of the greatest of our social evils. The result, therefore, will probably be a large majority in favour of the Bill.

Friday.—Last night's discussion in the House of Commons on the relations of Great Britain and France in Africa is the general topic of conversation to-day. It is useless to blink the fact that our relations with the French are far from satisfactory. Nothing that we can do seems to please them, and some of their public speakers have used language regarding this country which seemed to be deliberately intended to provoke us. Sir Edward Grey's very plain statement of fact made a deep impression upon the House, and will, it is to be hoped, make an equally deep impression upon the French Government. Whatever may have been the case in the past all the aggression has of late years come from the other side of the Channel; and it is time that it should be stopped in the interests of peace.

The latest news about the Speakership is distinctly favourable to Mr. Gully. Sir M. W. Ridley has suffered from the indiscretions of his friends. Mr. Robson's appointment to the Recordership of Newcastle is recognised as excellent. Mr. Robson sat in the Short Parliament as Member for Bow, and is the present Liberal candidate for South Shields.

TACKLING THE WATER COMPANIES.

"THERE are still many districts where the water-supply will not be completely restored before many days or even weeks to come." So ran a paragraph which appeared in most of the papers at the beginning of this week. The ratepayer who read it will, we have no doubt, bear in mind that also before many days the water companies will be serving him with a full demand for another quarter in advance. We do not know if any more bold than the rest will pluck up heart to demand an abatement and decline to pay till they get it, nor, having regard to the Metropolis Water Acts, dare we advise them that they would find the law on their side. But for a rich man, who can afford to spend money in gratification of his feelings, we can imagine no expenditure more calculated to soothe himself and win popularity than that which would be incurred in fighting his water-company. For of all the irritating injustices which a domestic man may be called upon to endure, there is surely none greater than having to pay full value for water which, for eight, nine, and even ten weeks together, has never flowed into his pipes at all. To have to pay the company for the water which failed—often enough through the freezing of their own ill-laid pipes—over and above all the other inconveniences, dangers to health, and expenses which the failure has caused him, this is surely the very gall of bitterness.

We should be unduly sanguine, however, if we expected any general insurrection among London ratepayers. They have stood it before, and most of them, we suppose, will stand it again. In the very depths of their miseries, a large number of them took the opportunity of gratifying the water companies by abandoning their Progressive faith. For absolute meekness of disposition and non-resistance to evil, Count Tolstoy himself could find no better example than the bulk of London ratepayers. Water companies, gas companies, ground landlords, and vestries, have played upon them with impunity. But in the present case a way has been shown which even a peaceful man may follow without incurring any risk, or committing himself to any heroic policy. In answer to a question in the House of Commons the other day, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre showed that the

Act of 1852 provides for a Local Government Board inquiry in all cases where a complaint as to the quantity or quality of the water supplied by any company for domestic use is lodged, in writing, by twenty householders. Within a month of the lodging of such a complaint the Board is required to institute an inquiry on the spot by a competent person, and, if the complaint is made good, to direct the companies to make the necessary improvements within a reasonable time. Now there is hardly a parish in London where there are not twenty times twenty householders who have had cause to make complaint "as to the quantity" of water supplied since the middle of January. But the difficulty in London, where no man knows his neighbour, is to bring them together. In this matter, therefore, the suggestion of the *Chronicle* that the vestries should take the lead seems to us excellent. Let each vestry open a register of complaining householders, and if necessary employ its officers to find them out. Here is an excellent and early opportunity for the reformed vestries to show the stuff they are made of. Apart from any immediate results, a series of public inquiries held successively in all parts of London must prove an enormous aid to an improvement of the law, and wherever the companies can be shown to have neglected reasonable precautions or infringed their own by-laws, must also lead to immediate measures for relaying the offending pipes.

This, we think, is clear, notwithstanding the comprehensive saving-clause which exempts the companies from liability in the case of "frost, unusual drought, or other unavoidable causes." For, if it can be shown that the causes are not only avoidable, but are directly due to an infringement of the Acts which regulate the laying of the pipes, then certainly the Local Government Board will be entitled to require the companies to "remove the ground of such complaint." Also, if it can be shown that the causes are not avoidable under the present law, but ought to be avoided under any adequate law, we shall then have the best reasons for making a quick change. Whether the individual ratepayer has any remedy against the company, either by an action for damages, or by withholding any portion of his next payment in advance, is, we fear, much less plain. The companies practically made the law for themselves, and in the absence of any vigilant supervision, they are not likely to have left many loopholes for the consumer. When most companies or private traders are protected from liability under certain contingencies, the meaning is that they cannot be forced to make good damages caused by events which are beyond their control. But, in the case of the water companies, the meaning is that they are not bound to supply the service for which they have already been paid. They keep the cheques, and do not supply the water. Moreover, if anyone has suffered damage from bursting pipes when the thaw comes, or from illness through lack of water while the frost lasts, they are not liable to any actions at law in consequence. That, at least, is what the companies say the Acts mean; though the first contention, at all events, is so repugnant to natural justice that we should like to see the matter fought out, even to the House of Lords, if any rich man or syndicate of ratepayers will, as we have suggested, oblige. But, failing this, there still remains a way by which the water companies may be got at—the way suggested in an excellent article in the *Chronicle* of Tuesday last. The Water Acts compelled them to make regulations for the protection of pipes—which, presumably, it was their business both to keep themselves and to enforce upon all builders. It is alleged that in numerous cases they have done neither the one nor the other. Their own service pipes, it is said, are often laid above the prescribed depth of two feet six inches below the surface, and they make no difficulty about connecting private service pipes, which are also improperly laid. Between the builders, or plumbers, and the company, the occupier finds himself frozen out at the first sharp frost. Now obviously, we should suppose, wherever it can be shown that the block occurred through the improper laying of the company's pipes, an action for recovery would certainly lie against them. The other case—that in which the company had failed to enforce its regulations, or connived at the breach of them—is perhaps more difficult. It might not be easy to show that the company was cognisant of the facts; or it might be held that the action lay not against the company, but against the builder or plumber. But the point is highly important, and well worth testing. It is monstrous that these regulations should be suspended in air, and that neither the companies, the local authorities, nor the builders, should be under any effective obligation to comply with them.

One word more about the position of the companies in general. It is for them to consider whether it is or is not important to conciliate public opinion in the present state of their fortunes. But their recent proceedings are not calculated to sweeten their names in the ears of the public, or to raise up ardent champions of their cause when they come to do battle with the County Council. We wish to see no injustice done them, but it is plain that London cannot much longer lie at the mercy of these haughty monopolists for a prime necessary of life. And the terms which are made with them, when the time comes for settling and closing the account, must, in the nature of things, depend more or less upon the manner in which they treat the London public meanwhile. Those who give no favours, and who never strain a point for the convenience of the people whom they serve for their profit, cannot expect to be treated differently themselves when the time comes to dispense with their services.

THE THREE MR. WHISTLERS.

HAS Mr. Whistler some scores to settle in Paris besides his grudge against Sir William Eden? He seems to have persuaded two innocent gentlemen of his acquaintance to act as his seconds in an imaginary affair of honour with Mr. George Moore. The seconds duly apprised Mr. Moore that he was challenged by Mr. Whistler to mortal combat; but, dwelling as he does in the professional lucidity of King's Bench Walk, not in the warlike atmosphere of the French capital, he consigned various letters on the subject to the waste-paper basket, and calmly pursued his labours. The French gentlemen were astonished at this conduct, and Mr. Whistler expressed his regrets that they should have wasted their chivalry on a "runaway." Mr. Moore may amuse his spare moments by wondering whether the Whistlerian irony is directed against himself, or against the seconds who undertook so ridiculous a task. Possibly they have offended Mr. Whistler—who has not had this distinction?—and he may have bethought him of a challenge to Mr. Moore solely to make these simple-minded Frenchmen look foolish. For it is rather silly to send a burlesque cartel all the way from Paris to King's Bench Walk on behalf of a notorious jester. No Englishman, and not even a fire-eating Celt like Mr. Moore, would dream of going out with Mr. Whistler, who is much more familiar with paper bullets of the brain than with any deadlier missiles. We are inclined to think, therefore, that Mr. Whistler has had his little joke at the expense of his seconds, and that his enjoyment is much enhanced by their indignant wonder at Mr. Moore's silence. The advantage of this situation to Mr. Whistler is that they are not likely to discover the fun; for having adroitly directed all their wrath to Mr. Moore's address, he is in no danger of being called to account.

This view is quite compatible with Mr. Whistler's

animosity against his old friend "G. M." Mr. Moore is probably quite aware that there are three Whistlers—first, the humorist; secondly, the irritable egoist; thirdly, the admirable artist. It is the third Whistler that "G. M." has extolled, principally in our own columns; and he has his reward in the hostility of the other two. It is one of the tragedies of friendship. Who cannot picture Mr. Moore toiling conscientiously to make the British public appreciate Whistler No. 3, chastising them for their indifference to such a genius, and for their idolatry of inferior painters, and all the while reflecting that the day must come when Whistler Nos. 1 and 2 would turn and rend him? Fate drove Mr. Moore to intervene in the Eden case, purely in the interests of abstract justice. Then the humorist described him as "Expert Moore," and the irritable egoist accused him of having obtained "a spurious reputation as a critic and a connoisseur by praising me." The first and second Whistler stamped on his services to the third. It was a sorry sight. To Mr. Moore it suggested the spectacle of an elderly gentleman declaiming in the street without his hat, under the impression that he is the object of universal admiration. To us it is an allegory of ingratitude. We see the faithful disciple erecting that elderly gentleman on a pedestal, and burning incense before him, when lo! two elderly gentlemen, made exactly in his likeness, rush upon the faithful disciple, whom they cover with opprobrium. The truly great artist on the pedestal remains indifferent to the incense, while the humorist and the irritable egoist bully the devotee. It is a subject for a picture, of which any Academician might be proud, or for a poem which might give us another Laureate. And yet in King's Bench Walk there is no excitement! Interviewers, it is true, have beset the faithful disciple's door, but he is not for them. They can imagine him as they please, convulsed with agony in an upper chamber, or calmly reading Huysmans, careless of them and of the Whistlers alike. That is a fortitude which makes the ancient Stoics pale and phantasmal.

In Paris they will not understand the "runaway," who does not run, but simply ignores a challenge as if it were an inopportune citation for taxes. The point of honour exacts from a Frenchman the liveliest sensibility to personal odium. He is expected to set his life on any hazard that the whim of an enemy may dictate. He is incapable of the analytic philosophy which divides a possible foe into three parts, and treats two of them with contempt. It is conceivable that if Mr. Moore could go out with two-thirds of Mr. Whistler and destroy them without impairing the inestimable remainder, he would feel a strong temptation to accept the cartel. Under such conditions something might be done for the duello. To extinguish the Whistler who wrote "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and whose irascibility is a constant stimulus to litigation, and to preserve the Whistler whose hand, with a brush in it, is a boon to lovers of art, would be an enterprise that could not lack seduction, especially to the faithful disciple. We can easily believe that in the judicial silence of King's Bench Walk Mr. Moore has thought this out. In the watches of the night he must have had visions of the third Whistler, purged of his companions, painting immortal pictures with a tranquil mind. What a dream for the faithful disciple to make a substantial truth! The monument on the pedestal might still be indifferent to the incense, but the devotee would not be harassed by Whistlers 1 and 2. Unhappily, there is no dispensation in nature which enables a man with pistol or sword to make away with two sections of his adversary, and take the rest to dwell, as Hamlet says, within the book and volume of his brain, unmixed with baser metal. The three Whistlers are physically conjoined by bonds which will not yield to metaphysics.

Moreover, there is the possibility, which Mr. Moore would, of course, disdain, that he himself by shot or thrust might be stretched upon the field. Once he had a weapon in his hand, Mr. Whistler, in his two irresponsible capacities, might do anything. The humorist, for example, might shoot one of the seconds; the irritable egoist, on the other hand, might take a blind aim at Mr. Moore and hit him. This is a contingency which makes the abstract justice of the duello something to seek. The common-sense of our nation decided some time ago that this private arbitrament of arms really decided nothing. Peoples still fight, and big battalions commonly have the best of it; but when they are Christians, they are fond of attributing victory to the heavenly will, thus showing some misgiving that blood-letting is not in itself an argument. Amongst individual citizens, however, in this country at least, it is held that the sacrifice of life to the point of honour, especially when the wrongdoer is the survivor, is illogical and absurd. It would be unusually egregious in Mr. Moore's case; for why should the faithful disciple run the risk of being killed accidentally by one or other of the Whistlers he least esteems, and thus deprived of all further opportunity of admiring the third Whistler, who is indebted to him for a pedestal? The French, no doubt, look with scorn on our system of redressing injury by appeal to the law. They scoff when the jingling of the guinea heals the hurt that honour feels. But Mr. Whistler is not unacquainted with litigation. He has felt the solace of the humble farthing awarded by a jury; he has luxuriated in an apology extorted by legal pressure, and we do not know how many times repeated. He brought an action against Sir William Eden, lost it, and is appealing to a higher court. And this in Paris, where his seconds might, if he chose, wait on Sir William Eden in person. Yet he prefers to stretch the point of honour all the way to King's Bench Walk. Surely we are right in judging that it is the humorist amongst the three Whistlers who has taken this fantasy into his head, in order to put two unsuspecting Frenchmen to futile trouble for his diversion.

THE DRAMA.

"L'Intruse." — "Pelléas et Mélisande." — "The Blue Boar."

At the Opera Comique this week the members of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre of Paris, at the invitation of the Independent Theatre Society, have been giving a series of representations of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* and *Master Builder* and of Maeterlinck's *L'Intruse* and *Pelléas et Mélisande*. With so esoteric a repertory, with the scantiest of stage wardrobes and the most meagre stock of scenic accessories, without prestige or advertisement, the players have had to forego the patronage of the general public, whom they would only have irritated and bewildered; but to the critic their performances have been of the deepest interest. For the Œuvre is one of the many laboratories of dramatic experiment and research which have continued the movement initiated in Paris by M. Antoine and the Théâtre Libre; and the critic, like the biologist, concerns himself more attentively with new forms of life, however humble, than with established and classified forms, however splendid. Many of the company are, no doubt, mere amateurs, ignorant of the first rudiments of their art; but all have earnestness of purpose, and two of them—Mlle. Marthe Mellot—a lady of the same race, I suspect, as Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whom she imitates—and M. Lugné Poe—descended, it is said, from the same Huguenot family as Edgar Allan Poe—have something more. The sincerity and intelligence with which the pair played Rebecca and Rosmer in *Rosmersholm* flashed a light upon the darkest recesses of that obscure conscience-drama; it was, indeed, the first time, so far as London is concerned, that the play has been really played. Even the double suicide of the

catastrophe was made almost plausible by the febrile intensity of these two players. But I will not pause to discuss either this performance or that of *The Master Builder;* Ibsen, after all, is no novelty in London, and for me the events of the week have been the representations of Maeterlinck.

In speaking of this dramatist, I ask to be forgiven if I take no notice of the silly gibe about the "Belgian Shakespeare," or of Max Nordau's characteristic reference to him as an "idiotic driveller." M. Maeterlinck has been in London this week, and those who have met him must smile at the ludicrous inappropriateness of the Nordauic cant-word "Ego-mania." He is as simple as a child, as modest as a girl: hardly daring to enter the theatre when his own plays are performed there; his dominant feeling seems to be a sense of the sadness, the cruelty of life, "the pity of it." And this feeling underlies both the plays of his we have seen this week, widely different as they are in form and subject-matter. In *L'Intruse*—of which an English, and, if I remember rightly, a garbled, version was played by Mr. Tree some time ago at the Haymarket—we see a family seated in the anteroom of a sick-chamber, waiting for the outcome of the struggle with death. Throughout the play that is all they do—they wait. And all that the play aims at giving you is just the feeling of the situation chosen, the feeling of restless suspense, when the mind seeks distraction in trifles from the oppressive uncertainty, the vague dread, the dwindling hope. The strong men of the family sit listlessly, turn the lamp up and down, try to talk of indifferent topics; the girls huddle together, clasping hands, or gaze blankly out of window. Only the grandfather, bent nearly double with age, blind, querulous, cannot keep his mind from the dread topic. He hears sounds which the others do not, fancies a presence in the room, cries out in anguish that they are hiding something from him. And gradually, gradually, the old man's disquietude lays hold of you. You begin to feel, with him, that something must have entered the room. The birds in the garden have all ceased singing suddenly. Hark! was that a step on the gravel? Or was it the sound of a scythe being sharpened! And now the door will not shut. You shiver with apprehension. Then an infant cries loudly in the next room, the Sister of Mercy appears in the doorway and makes the sign of the cross, and all troop in to the death chamber—all save the grandfather, blindly groping, and wailing that they have left him alone. The way in which the silent, stealthy approach of death is indicated in this little play is really masterly; no rhetoric, only little driblets of commonplace talk, no dramatic action, only dramatic inaction—nothing but the one impression which the playwright has sought. Shakespeare's materialised and garrulous spectres, Webster's coffins and grinning skulls, never gave you such a shiver as Maeterlinck's mute, invisible "intruder."

You do not get a shiver from *Pelléas et Mélisande*, but a "silent sorrow," a feeling of pity for youth and innocence in the grip of destiny, crushed under the weight of life. But the feeling is not poignant, because the characters have the vagueness of figures seen in a dream. At the Opera Comique the actors walked, or rather glided, through their parts behind a curtain of gauze, before a background either of arras, which did duty for every "interior," or of a few trees on an "impressionist" canvas (so "impressionist" that the stage-carpenter is said to have hung the canvas upside down at rehearsal) when the scene changed to "a forest" or "without the castle." A single chair converted the "interior" into an audience-chamber, a window in a toy-turret placed in front of the trees signified Mélisande's bower. The figures behind the gauze curtain could only be dimly seen, the stage remaining throughout in semi-darkness. To assist the dream-impression, the players delivered their lines in a monotonous chant. They were clothed in nondescript garments, which looked like the attempts of a child to imitate mediæval costume with scraps of mamma's old gowns. Some people in the theatre were inclined to laugh at these naïve arrangements; they were aware of rents in the gauze curtain, and of the absurdity of the "impressionist" trees. I can only say, quite sincerely, I had no such inclination. I was possessed by the sheer beauty, the tender pathos, the romantic enchantment of the play. Its story is simple enough, with the child-like simplicity of "Aucassin et Nicolette," or of the Memlings in the Hospital at Bruges. Mélisande is the child-wife of Golaud, grandson of Arkel, King of Allemonde. Golaud had met her wandering in the forest, dressed like a princess, though her robe was torn with thorns, and she had lost her crown in the well. Mélisande goes through life a frightened thing; she fears Golaud, so big and with grey hairs in his beard; she fears the dark forests that encircle the palace—"Je ne suis pas heureuse!" she wails. Pelléas, Golaud's younger brother, tries to comfort her. Soon the children grow to love one another—like children; and, though Golaud sees what is happening, he forgives them: "Vous êtes des enfants." Mélisande sings at her window:—

"Mes longs cheveux descendent,
Jusqu'au seuil de la tour;
Mes cheveux vous attendent,
Tout le long de la tour,
Et tout le long du jour . . .
Saint Daniel et Saint Michel,
Saint Michel et Saint Raphael . . . ."

and her hair falls over Pelléas like a garment. Golaud, now moved to fierce jealousy, sets his little son Yniold to spy on the pair, but Yniold turns away frightened by what he sees—"Je n'ose plus regarder, petit père." And Golaud knows that this child-love is innocent, and that Mélisande is all innocence. There is a great innocence in her eyes. . . .

"Une grande innocence! . . . Ils sont plus grands que l'innocence! . . . Ils sont plus purs que les yeux d'un agneau. . . . Ils donneraient à Dieu des leçons d'innocence. . . . Plus que l'innocence! On dirait que les anges du ciel y célèbrent sans cesse un baptême! . . ."

But his jealousy masters him, and he slays Pelléas in Mélisande's arms. And Mélisande's poor little life flickers out, and Golaud's heart is broken, and old King Arkel sums it all up—"C'est terrible, mais ce n'est pas votre faute. . . . C'était un petit être si tranquille, si timide, et si silencieux. C'était un pauvre petit être mystérieux, comme tout le monde. . . ." This dream-play, with its plaintive melancholy, its exquisite *naïveté*, is to me an entirely beautiful thing—beautiful to read and (though this, I believe, was not the general impression of the spectators at the Opera Comique) still more beautiful to see. Mlle. Marthe Mellot (Pelléas), and M. Lugné Poë (Golaud), who have had the advantage of M. Maeterlinck's counsel, played with the unaffected simplicity and the air of being passive victims of a will outside their own which are in the exact spirit of the play; to have new orthodox actors in these parts, adroitly "composing" the character, "taking the stage," and, generally, parading their histrionic talents and experience, would have been intolerable. And I declare it does one's heart good to see an artistic success like this—achieved by nothing else than sympathetic intelligence, and sincere striving after good work. If our actors, most of them with a thousandfold more technical accomplishment than M. Lugné Poë and his comrades, would only consent to be, like them, as little children, and to sink themselves wholly and modestly in the task of interpreting their author—but it's no use crying for the moon!

A mere record must suffice for the *Blue Boar*, a "fantastic farce" by Messrs. Louis Parker and Murray Carson, produced at Terry's Theatre. This is a real fantasy, a piece of madcap nonsense, with droll parts for Mr. Edward Terry and Miss Fanny Brough. Mr. Harcourt Beatty, as a decadent poet

in love with a barmaid, is particularly good. But I am not in the mood to talk of farce with the gauze veil of *Pelléas and Mélisande* still before my eyes, and in my ear the wailing notes of the ballad of the tower . . .

"Saint Daniel et Saint Michel,
Saint Michel et Saint Raphael,
Je suis née un Dimanche,
Un Dimanche à midi . . ."

A. B. W.

ARMENIAN TROUBLES: THE REMEDY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 20, 1895.

IF any serious attempt is made to save the Armenian nation from extermination everything will turn upon two points—the establishment of some form of foreign control over the Turkish administration, and the union of the five Vilayets of Van, Bitlis, Kharpoot, Erzeroum, and Sivas in a single province, under a Governor-General appointed for five years with the approval of the Powers.

As I have said in a previous letter, the Armenians demand nothing but security for their lives, property, and religion. The question is—In view of the manifest disposition of the Turkish Government, what measures are necessary to secure this end? No one who has lived in Turkey since the Crimean war, with his eyes open, can have any doubt on the first point. Imperial Hatts, Constitutions, Schemes of Reform, Treaties, so far as they relate to the treatment of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, are utterly worthless. If there had been even a half-way fulfilment of the solemn promises already made there would be no Armenian question to be settled. Statesmen like Fuad and Aali Pachas saw the necessity of keeping up a show of regard for such promises; but the present advisers of the Sultan, the ignorant, fanatical servants of the Palace, think it much simpler to ignore them altogether. The great mistake made at the Congress of Paris, which really sealed the fate of the Ottoman Empire, was the acceptance of the Hatt-i-houmayoun with a renunciation of all claim to control its application to the Christian subjects of the Sultan. Lord Stratford saw this clearly at the time, and no doubt Russia understood it as well, and saw that Time was sure to avenge all her present humiliation. There ought not to be any possibility of repeating this blunder. It should be regarded as a *sine quâ non* that whatever the Sultan may be required to do should be carried out under foreign supervision and control. Without this, whatever may be promised, nothing will be done. It may even be desirable to establish a *permanent* joint protectorate over all the Christians in Turkey by England, Russia, and France.

In regard to the second point, all Armenians are agreed that these five Vilayets ought to be united in a single province, under some such administration as that which has been established in Mount Lebanon, and if the Turks understood their own interests they would favour such an arrangement. No extermination of the Armenians; no arming of Koords; no settlements of Circassians can prevent the annexation of this province to Russia if the Czar, at any time, wishes to extend his empire in that direction. They can only afford him a good excuse for so doing. But the wisdom of the Palace will undoubtedly oppose this plan and insist upon maintaining the present division of the Vilayets. The Powers interested will have to decide then whether they will insist upon the union, or content themselves with carrying out the same reforms in each of the five Vilayets. The two most obvious advantages of the union are, that it will satisfy the legitimate hopes of the Armenians and make it comparatively easy to exercise control over the Administration. In regard to the first it is certainly wiser to consult the wishes of the Armenians than to ignore them. One of the things to be accomplished by intervention is to put an end to all revolutionary agitation, and this can only be done by making the nation, as a whole, feel that their legitimate hopes have been realised. Then they will treat any revolutionist as a public enemy. Their hopes are not unreasonable or extravagant. They do not ask for independence or release from Turkish rule. They ask for only a small measure of autonomy. The desire for the union of the Vilayets into one province is largely a matter of sentiment; but to disregard sentiment is to disregard the most potent factor in all political movements. In regard to the second point, it is not easy to see any practical advantage in retaining the present division of Vilayets. It will make it necessary to find five Valis, instead of one, who can be approved by the Powers, and it is hard to see where they are to come from. It will also be necessary to appoint five sets of Consuls or five Commissions to superintend the execution of the new regulations. So of the courts and the gendarmerie. Everything must be multiplied by five—and this is a most serious difficulty where there is such a scarcity of both men and money as in Turkey.

The advantages of this plan are so clear that there could be no thought of any other, were it not for the fact that Russia is supposed to be opposed to it. The Turks oppose it, but they could be made to see that it is for their interest to accept it. If there is any difficulty it is with Russia. It is supposed that she is unwilling to see even the shadow of an Armenian Principality set up on her frontier; but it can hardly make any serious difference to her whether the reign of law and order in that part of Turkey be secured under one Turkish Vali or five, and it seems to me that it is the duty of England to insist upon one. Still this point does not seem to me so essential as the first.

So much for Armenia; but there can be no satisfactory arrangement made with Turkey which does not provide for the safety of the Armenians in other parts of the empire, and of the Christians generally. As I have repeated in almost every letter, the anti-Christian policy of the Turkish Government is general. No one can have read the Turkish newspapers of Constantinople for the last three or four years without being convinced of this fact. The censorship here is far more severe than in Russia, and nothing can be published without the direct approval of the Government. Yet these papers are filled with violent attacks upon Christians and Christianity. Within ten days one of them has declared that the one curse of the Turkish Empire was Christianity; that it is the curse of the world, and that even the Governments of Europe are doing all they can to stamp it out. If such is the published policy of the Government, it is not strange that officials in the interior feel that it is their chief business to harry the Christians. It is clear that nothing can save them but such an intervention as will secure and control the execution of the various treaties made for their protection.

It may be well to add that such intervention does not involve the destruction nor even the general reform of the Turkish Government. It may lead to certain reforms in the administration in years to come. It will certainly postpone rather than hasten the destruction of the empire. This may be a disappointment to some who find that the mills of God grind too slowly to keep pace with their indignation; but England has quite enough on her hands already without attempting to assist Divine Providence in dispensing retributive justice. Nor do I believe that it is really for the interest of either the Christian or the Mohammedan population of Turkey to have the empire destroyed at the present time. The Mohammedans understand their own interests far better than we do, and, although they complain bitterly of the corruption which prevails, they manifest no desire to come under Christian rule. The Christians are equally averse to being swallowed up in any European state. What they ask of England and of Europe is simply to secure to them

their acknowledged rights under the government of the Sultan. England has again and again interfered to save this empire from destruction, on the express understanding that these rights should be secured. Her simple duty now is to see that they are.

I am sorry to add that the delay in taking any action, and the impression which is gaining ground that nothing will be done, is encouraging the revolutionists, both in Macedonia and Asia Minor, to take the matter into their own hands. The prospect in Macedonia especially is alarming, and Austria, the Power most nearly concerned, is doing nothing to discourage the movement. If it continues to gather force, Bulgaria will be powerless to prevent it.

The Commission at Moosh is keeping Ramazan, while the correspondents of the English papers are trying to do its work. The London editors are mistaken in supposing that these letters come from Moosh, but they do come from a place not very far from there where the opportunities for getting reliable information at first hand are much better than at Moosh. The writers will probably be found out and expelled in due time, but there are indications here that the Turks are beginning to realise that the essential facts of the Sassoun massacre cannot be concealed. They are offering concessions to Russia in the hope of detaching her from England, or, at least, minimising the demands to be made upon them by England or Russia. It is plain from the negotiations going on here that Russia has not yet fixed upon the policy which she will pursue.

THE BROTHERS.

PETROS and Antonios—they were brothers, yet they did not love one another. And why? I will tell you. Petros was a good man, Antonios was a bad man—the good and the bad do not love one another.

Petros, he is in prison. When he comes out I shall be glad, for he is my friend. And I—I say that the judge did wrong to send him there. Listen! and of a surety you will agree with me.

Antonios came to Petros one day, and said he to him: "Brother, you have not paid for that goat you had of me last Easter." It was a lie, and the men who were in the inn laughed when Petros answered him very simply, "I have paid for it." "But I say that you have not paid for it," said Antonios again, for he thought to frighten Petros away from his own money. "You will pay me for it now!" "Ochi" (No—o), answered Petros, and I who was there, I laughed at the way he said it. He was so surprised that he could scarcely get the word from his mouth. "Ochi"—it moved like a tortoise, and it was still in our ears, when Petros hurriedly drank up his *raki* and left the inn to go to his herd on the mountain by the sea.

Antonios he looked at me, he looked at those others: he was as uncomfortable as a newly-shorn sheep. Then he drank very fast, he drank and twirled his moustache. It was amusing, but we waited to hear him speak, I and the other men. When his words came, they told of himself—he was a straight man, he said, and he would not be robbed. "But what will you do?" asked Lambros, who did not love the brothers and wished for mischief between them. "I will frighten him to-night, so that he pays me the money," said Antonios. "There will be a full moon, and he will see me by its light coming towards him with my gun. You understand," laughed Antonios; "I shall not hurt him, but my money will come to me."

It was so soon as he had said this that I quitted the inn, for my work called me. But by the words of those others whom I left behind me, I can tell you this—that I had not left the inn five minutes when Lambros also went away. And of what happened upon the mountain side when the moonlight came to it I can tell you truly by the words of my friend Petros—Petros who is now in prison:—

"I, Petros, was alone upon the mountain, and from the valley beneath me I could hear the lowing of the cows, the tinkling of their bells as they were slowly driven to the village. The night was coming: they were going home. There was a thin forest about me and my herd, and its scanty branches were growing dark against the blood red of the Western sky. The cows passed on further and further away; their bells tinkled faintly and more faintly into silence. My eyes were upon the sky; its scarlet was turning rusty red. The light it was leaving me; I had a heavy heart. And when I saw the moon creep gently into her place it gave me no joy. 'He is coming,' I said to myself, 'Antonios is coming to kill me.' And when I saw the many stars sparkle with pointed light—'He is coming,' I said to myself, 'Lambros has told me so.'

"To and about me ran my herd. They passed from bole to shadow, from shadow to bole. And here is a man I thought, and there is a man I thought, but never a man came he.

"The moon shone strongly clear, the night grew cold, a little breeze sighed to my anxious heart. A bark—my dog he barked. I seized my gun. I looked out from under the great moon above. A figure, a shadow, a glitter—the moonlight upon a gun barrel.

"Then I fired, and when I had fired the voice of the mountain broke the silence, clove it to the valley beneath, shattered it against the stars above.

"And I—I ran to that which my bullet had kissed. It was my brother. He was lying upon his back, and the moonlight was gleaming crimson upon his forehead. He was dead—and I was alone again upon the mountain with my herd."

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

HEROES OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

SIR,—Like your correspondent, the Rev. G. E. Jeans, I was both amused and gratified by the good-natured sallies made by the writer of the article on Worth. Mr. Jeans has introduced to your readers other celebrated people who were born in Lincolnshre. May I venture to ask for space to add still more names?

The earlier history of our country supplies us with such names as Ingulph, Abbot of Crowland; Gilbert de Sempringham, founder of the Gilbertine Order; and Henry IV. of Bolingbroke. Later, we find William of Waynflete, who was Bishop of Winchester and Lord High Chancellor in the reign of Henry VI.; Fox, Bishop of Winchester in the time of Henry VII.; the hot-headed Sir Harry Vane; and the notorious Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

Lincolnshire has supplied the religious world with leaders like Dr. Cotton, one of the early Nonconformists, who went across the ocean to found a new Boston; Anne Askew, the martyr; John Foxe, who wrote the "Book of Martyrs"; Daniel Waterland, the theologian; Thomas Scott, the author of the valuable "Commentary"; and, above all, John and Charles Wesley. In this century the "good land and large" has produced Professor Mozley and Bishops Ellicot and Thorold.

In literature, besides the name of Tennyson, I notice Jean Ingelow and Adeline Sergeant. Philosophy is represented by Henry More and Sir Isaac Newton. Philology has produced Alexander Gil, one of the earliest spelling reformers, and the eccentric, misguided Dr. Latham, whose "Dictionary" and "Grammar" are justly admired. Matthew Flinders, the Australian explorer, was born at Donington; Sir John Franklin sprang from the little town of Spilsby. Antiquarianism has been enriched by the labours of William Stukely; natural history by those of Sir Joseph Banks. The drama has its representatives in Westland Marston and Mrs. Kendal. Journalists will not forget the names of Ingram; Mr. Frank Hill, late editor of the *Daily News*; and Mr. A. E. Fletcher, who is a native of Long Sutton. In politics there occur the names of Sir Richard Webster and your much-laughed-at, but hearty and sterling, Mr. Henry Chaplin.

Henry VIII. called Lincolnshire "the most brutish part of my dominions." (The Lincolnshire men had just risen against him in the "Pilgrimage of Grace.") William IV. is said to have remarked that Lincolnshire was "late, but loyal." Disraeli, in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck," speaks of "that broad

Lincolnshire which Protection had created." These statements contain matter which may be disputed, but as to the claim of Lincolnshire as the home of many of England's greatest sons and daughters, who will deny it? Yea, where is the county which, having regard to population, can compare with Lincolnshire in this respect? Good old county! May its prosperity never diminish!—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

9, Lavender Road, WALTER JOHNSON.
Clapham Junction, S.W., March 23rd.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

THE clouded sun of April casts a shadow on the lea,
The diamond drops of April fly a-dancing down the air,
And lo! bewitching April comes again our hearts to snare,
To madden us with smiles that mourn, and tears lit up with glee;
O wild maid, April, you will make a fool of me.

From Winter's bonds the waters wake, and birds on every tree
Sweet singing from the streamlet, and a carol from the wood;
And who can silent stay with all the world in such a mood?
My heart is filled with music and my lips with melody;
I laugh, cry, sing, sigh; April makes a fool of me.

The blossoms hover round her head, and nestle at her knee,
The birds are feathered all for her in festival array;
So would I, too, in splendour shine as radiantly as they,
In flowing lines and colour clad, a joy for her to see.
O gay maid, April, you have made a fool of me.

Now Spring has come, grey Winter goes; "Good-bye, old friend," cry we.
"You will return as Spring returns, but now your day is o'er;
As grief is all forgotten we'll remember you no more."
My thoughts are turned from care to all the joy that is to be.
O mad maid, April, thus you make a fool of me.

Yet some will stay with sorrow after she has set them free:
Wise maiden, yours the sweetness and the mystery of tears,
The spell that you are singing, and will sing thro' all the years,
Unfolds how joy and grief must each of either hold the key.
O dear maid, April, do you make a fool of me?

HELEN CHISHOLM.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

CHAUCER.—II.*

IT follows, I hope, from what I said last week, that by far the most important service an editor can render to Chaucer and to us is to give us a pure text, through which the native beauty of the poetry may best shine. Such a text Professor Skeat has been able to prepare, in part by his own great industry, in part because he has entered into the fruit of other men's labours. The epoch-making event in the history of the Canterbury Tales (with which alone we are concerned here) was Dr. Furnivall's publication for the Chaucer Society of the famous "Six-Text Edition." Dr. Furnivall set to work upon this in 1868.

The Six Texts were these:—

1. The great "Ellesmere" MS. (so called after its owner, the Earl of Ellesmere. "The finest and best of all the MSS. now extant." (Skeat.)
2. The "Hengwrt" MS., belonging to Mr. William W. E. Wynne, of Peniarth; very closely agreeing with the "Ellesmere."
3. The "Cambridge" MS., Gg 4.27, in the University Library. The best copy in any public library. This also follows the "Ellesmere" closely.
4. The "Corpus" MS., in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
5. The "Petworth" MS., belonging to Lord Leconfield.
6. The "Lansdowne" MS. in the British Museum. "Not a good MS., being certainly the worst of the six; but worth reprinting owing to the frequent use that has been made of it by editors." (Skeat).

In his Introduction, Professor Skeat enumerates no fewer than fifty-nine MSS. of the Tales: but of these the above six (and a seventh to be mentioned presently) are the most important. The most important of all is the "Ellesmere"—the great "find" of the Six-Text Edition. "The best in nearly every respect," says Professor Skeat. "It not only gives good lines and good sense, but is also (usually) grammatically accurate and thoroughly well spelt. The publication of it has been a great boon to all Chaucer students, for which Dr. Furnivall will be ever gratefully remembered. . . . This splendid MS. has also the great merit of being complete, requiring no supplement from any other source, except in a few cases when a line or two has been missed."

Professor Skeat has therefore chiefly employed the Six-Text Edition, supplemented by a seventh famous MS., the "Harleian 7334," printed in full for the Chaucer Society in 1885—a MS. of great importance, differing considerably from the "Ellesmere"; "a most dangerous MS. to trust to, unless constantly corrected by others, and not at all fitted to be taken as the basis of a text." For the basis of his text, then, Professor Skeat takes the Ellesmere MS., correcting it freely by the other seven MSS. mentioned.

Now, as fate would have it, in the year 1888 Dr. Furnivall invited Mr. Alfred W. Pollard to collaborate with him in an edition of Chaucer which he had for many years promised to bring out for Messrs. Macmillan. The basis of their text of the Tales was almost precisely that chosen by Professor Skeat, *i.e.* a careful collation of the Six Texts and the Harleian 7334, due preponderance being given to the Ellesmere MS., and all variations from it stated in the notes. "A beginning was made," says Mr. Pollard, "but the giant in the partnership had been used for a quarter of a century to doing, for nothing, all the hard work for other people, and could not spare from his pioneering the time necessary to enter into the fruit of his own Chaucer labours. Thus the partner who was not a giant was left to go on pretty much by himself. When I had made some progress, Professor Skeat informed us that the notes which he had been for years accumulating encouraged him to undertake an edition on a large scale, and I gladly abandoned, in favour of an editor of so much greater width of reading, the Library Edition which had been arranged for in the original agreement of Dr. Furnivall and myself with Messrs. Macmillan. I thought, however, that the work which I had done might fairly be used for an edition on a less extensive

* 1. "The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer." Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, LL.D., etc. Vols. IV., V., and VI. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.
2. "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales." Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Alfred W. Pollard. London: Macmillan and Co.
3. "The Student's Chaucer," being a Complete Edition of his Works. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. One vol. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

plan and intended for a less stalwart class of readers, and of this the present issue of the Canterbury Tales is an instalment."

So it comes about that we have two texts before us, each based on a collation of the Six-Text edition and the Harleian MS. 7334—the chief difference being that Mr. Pollard adheres closely to the Ellesmere MS., while Professor Skeat allows himself more freedom. This is how they start—

"Whán that Aprílle with hise shourès soote
The droghte of March hath pereèd to the roote,
And bathèd every veyne in swich licóur
Of which vertú engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetè breeth
Inspirèd hath in every holt and heeth
The tendrè croppès, and the yongè sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfè cours y-ronne,
And smalè fowelès maken melodye
That slepen al the nyght with open eye,—
So priketh hem Natúre in hir coráges,—
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages . . . ."
(*Pollard.*)

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages:)
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages . . . ."
(*Skeat.*)

On these two extracts it must be observed (1) that the accents and the dotted e's in the first are Mr. Pollard's own contrivances for helping the scansion; (2) in the second, l. 10, "yë" is a special contrivance of Professor Skeat. "The scribes," he says (Introd. Vol. IV. p. xix.), "usually write *eye* in the middle of a line, but when they come to it at the end of one, they are fairly puzzled. In l. 10, the scribe of Hn ('Hengwrt') writes *lye*, and that of Ln ('Lansdowne') writes *yhe*; and the variations on this theme are curious. The spelling *ye* (= yë) is, however, common. . . . I print it 'yë' to distinguish it from *ye*, the pl. pronoun." The other differences are accounted for by the varying degrees in which the two editors depend on the Ellesmere MS. In line 1, for instance, Ellesmere reads "hise" and "soote," and Mr. Pollard follows it. All the rest have "his," and Professor Skeat accordingly chooses it; while his reading "sote" is justified in the Introduction (p. xix.)—"Where equivalent spellings occur, I select the simpler; writing *couthe* (as in Petworth MS.) for *kowthe*, *sote* for *soote*, *seye* for *seege*, and so on." Again in l. 9, Mr. Pollard sticks to the Ellesmere and writes "foweles," while Professor Skeat decides on "fowles," the reading of Harl. 7334. Obviously the editor who allows himself the wider range lays himself open to more criticism, point by point. He has to justify himself in each particular case, while the other's excuse for adhering to Ellesmere is set down once for all in his preface. But after comparing the two texts in over a dozen passages, I have had to vote in almost every case for Professor Skeat.

The differences, however, are always trifling. The reader will allow that in each case we have a clear, intelligible text; a text that allows Chaucer to be read and enjoyed without toil or vexation. For my part, I hope there is no presumption in saying that I could very well do without Mr. Pollard's accents and dotted e's. Remove them, and I contend that any Englishman with an ear for poetry can read either of the two texts without difficulty. A great deal too much fuss is made over the pronunciation and scansion of Chaucer. After all, we are Englishmen, with an instinct for understanding the language we inherit; in the evolution of our language we move on the same lines as our fathers; and Chaucer's English is at least no further removed from us than the Lowland dialect of Scott's novels. Moreover, we have in reading Chaucer what we lack in reading Scott—the assistance of rhythm; and the rhythm of Chaucer is as clearly marked as that of Tennyson. Professor Skeat might very well have allowed his admirable text to stand alone. For his rules of pronunciation, with their elaborate system of signs and symbols, seem to me (to put it coarsely) phonetics gone mad. This, for instance, is how he would have us read the Tales:—

"Whán-dhat Aprílle / wídh iz-shúurez sóotə
dhə-drúuht' ov-Márchə / hath-pérsed tóo dhə-róotə,
ənd-báadhed év'ri véinə / in-swích likúur,
ov-whích vertýy / enjéndred iz dhə-flúur . . . ."

—and so on. Here is wild-fowl for you! I think it may safely be said that if a man need this sort of assistance in reading or pronouncing Chaucer, he had better let Chaucer alone altogether, or read him in a German prose translation.

The nuisance with Professor Skeat's text is that the volume containing it can only be read with comfort when rested on a table, and one does not, for choice, sit at table to read poetry. And the same text, in his "Student's Chaucer," is squeezed in narrow print, between double columns, and bound in a binding so atrocious as to be beyond the belief of anyone who does not know what the Clarendon Press can do when its blood is up. The binding of the large edition is tasteless enough in all conscience. Surveying it, one feels that Professor Skeat has extended "the conspicuous and intentional avoidance, in this edition, of any approach to what has been called æsthetic criticism" to an intentional avoidance of everything that makes for beauty in the outside of a book. But the "Student's Chaucer" out-Herods Herod, though it does not (for nothing could) outface the notorious "Oxford Shakespeare." *That* indeed was the last possible insult to the name of a great University which, with all her faults, has usually been on the side of the picturesque.

Mr. Pollard's two volumes are very much more attractive. They are handled with ease; the type is good (though not too good); the page is shapely—decent, if not beautiful; the footnotes are admirable, giving just enough information to save vexatious fumbling of a glossary, and not enough to distract the reader's attention. And yet somehow the book is not quite satisfactory.

When Professor Skeat's first volume appeared, and we found that he proposed to omit from his great edition certain works, in verse and prose (such as "The Flower and the Leaf" and the "Testament of Love") which, though usually included in editions of Chaucer, were almost or quite certainly not his, certain critics begged the Professor, "for old sake's sake," to include these in a uniform and supplementary volume. I am happy to read that he has assented. The supplementary volume is to be issued this year, and will be both uniform with the six volumes of genuine work, and complete in itself, with introduction, notes, and glossary. Will the Professor do us one more favour, or help to obtain it from the Clarendon Press? The great text of the Canterbury Tales—the text for years to come, if not the final text—is prepared. May we not have it printed by itself, in fair type, on a small and comfortable page, that we may read Chaucer with a clear conscience and an easy body, in a book pleasant to possess?

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS'S ESSAYS.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES. By John Churton Collins. London: Macmillan & Co.

A BOOK from Mr. Churton Collins is always welcome. He belongs to an elder school of criticism, and is more accustomed to make play with his head

than with his heels. Nor does he teem with either fruitful or playful fancies, being, in truth, a somewhat prosaic writer. His style would be better than it is if it reminded one less of Macaulay's. Mr. Collins is most sincere, if conventional, in both his admirations and condemnations, and thoroughly well knows what he is writing about—which, in itself, is to be, if not remarkable, at all events distinguished. The five Essays which compose the volume in question originally appeared, with one exception, in the sober pages of the *Quarterly*, and are accordingly of the liberal dimensions allowed the contributors to that orthodox organ. A writer in the *Quarterly* has room to turn round in, to begin at the beginning, to indulge in episodes—no need for him to be for ever counting his words and curtailing his periods.

Mr. Collins's first essay is on John Dryden, and is not unworthy of its subject. Dryden's is a great name in English literature. No reviling, no scandal, not even the melancholy truth, can rob "Glorious John" of his greatness. There is something about him which accomplishes his salvation and lifts him high above the sink of his own corruption. There are delightful touches in his prefaces, stray observations in his letters, as well as glorious performance in his verses, which force our admiration and compel the conviction that Dryden was not only a superb poet and a fine critic, but also that strange and fascinating compound we call a great man. Mr. Collins quotes Dryden's famous reply to the indefatigable Collier, who had only too good a case—

"I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance."

Dryden's plays, as a whole, are wearisome, but there is hardly one of them which does not contain some redeeming lines. *Don Sebastian* is admittedly a fine performance, though when the scene in the fourth act between Dorax and Sebastian is pronounced, as Mr. Collins pronounces it to be, one of the gems of the English drama, we can only say that if it be a gem it is a cairngorm, and not a precious stone.

Mr. Collins thus concludes a spirited essay:—

"But when all deductions are made, how much must the most unscrupulous criticism still leave to Dryden. As long as our literature endures, his genial energy, his happy, unstinted talent, his incomparable power of style, can never fail to fascinate. It may be said with simple truth that what is best in his work is, in our language, the best of its kind. His only rival in satire is Pope, but the satires of Pope stand in the same relation to 'Ab-alom and Achitophel,' 'The Medal,' and 'MacFlecknoe,' as the 'Æneid' stands to 'The Iliad.' Some of the most eminent of our poets have essayed to make rhymed verse the vehicle for argumentative discussion, but what have we which can for a moment be placed beside the 'Religio Laici' and 'The Hind and the Panther'? His 'Epistles,' again—the epistles, for example, to Roscommon, to Congreve, to his cousin, to Kneller, to the Duchess of Ormond—are the perfection of this species of composition. His 'Prologues' and 'Epilogues' are models of what such pieces should be. If his lyrics have not the finer qualities of poetry, and jar on us, now with the note of falsetto and now with the note of vulgarity, the first ode on 'St. Cecilia's Day,' 'Alexander's Feast,' the ode on Mrs. Anne Killigrew, and the Horatian paraphrase, are superb achievements. No one, indeed, can contemplate without wonder the manifold energy of that vigorous and plastic genius which added to our literature so much which is excellent and so much which is admirable, and which elicited from one of the most fastidious of poets and critics the rapturous exhortation to read Dryden, 'and be blind to all his faults.'"

The only word in this fine panegyric which jars on our ear is the word "vulgarity." Dryden is never vulgar, though he is occasionally absurd and bombastic and even brutal.

The second essay, nominally a review of the late Mr. Symonds' work, called "Shakspeare's Predecessors in the English Drama," enables Mr. Collins to discuss the rise of the Drama (a question, to quote from a famous Cambridge parody, "a question invariably set") in England and to discourse at pleasing length on the respective merits as poets and dramatists of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Nash, Lodge, Kyd, and the unknown author of "Arden of Feversham." In dealing with the famous Christopher, Mr. Collins is a good deal put out by previous rhapsodists. Mr. Collins is one of those persons who find it very hard to tolerate the enthusiasm of other people: he has his own enthusiasms and his own way—not a very exuberant way—of expressing them; but for other people's enthusiasm he has no stomach. Marlowe nowadays has many friends, and Mr. Collins flatly declines to march through Coventry with them; nor are they all, these new friends of Marlowe's, church-goers and Tories. Some of them are a little injudicious, and to be "judicious" is a note of your *Quarterly Reviewer*. To die at Deptford in a tavern, and to leave a considerable reputation behind you as an Atheist, is not to tread the path leading to an honoured sepulture in Mr. Murray's mausoleum. However, Mr. Collins, though distressed at the vagaries of preceding critics, is far too fond of poetry not to bow down before the majesty of Marlowe's genius. He acknowledges that to no single man does our drama owe more.

"Marlowe was the first of English playwrights to discern that in dramatic composition the relative importance of events is determined not by the space which they fill in history, but by the manner in which they impress the imagination and bear on the catastrophe. . . . He was not only the first of our dramatists who, possessing a bold and vivid imagination, possessed also the faculty of adequately embodying its conceptions but the first who, powerfully moved by strong emotion, succeeded in awakening strong emotion in others. In the hands of his predecessors tragedy had been powerless to touch the heart. As a rule it had preserved the same dead level of frigid, nerveless declamation. In his hands it resumed its ancient sway over the passions; it unlocked the sources of terror and pity."

Marlowe's famous blank verse dominated the drama. The old rhymed stanzas disappeared. Mr. Collins doubts whether it would be possible to find a single play written in stanzas subsequent to 1589. "Next went the prose histories. Then commenced the gradual disappearance of rhymed couplets. . . . Before 1587 Peele habitually employed rhyme; after 1587 he discarded it entirely. Greene, who regarded Marlowe's innovation with strong disfavour, almost immediately adopted it. In all his extant dramas blank verse is employed. In 1593 it was firmly established."

On the other side of the account Mr. Collins admits deficiencies. Marlowe had no sense of humour—a terrible charge to hurl against anyone in these sniggering days, when every dull fool prides himself especially on the precious gift of humour, which, according to Mr. Balfour, we owe in some obscure way to theology. "In the second place, he (Marlowe) had little sympathy with humanity, and with men of the common type—none. In the faculty, again, of minute and accurate observation—a faculty which is with most dramatists an instinct—he appears to have been almost wholly lacking." We think Mr. Collins is right; but had Marlowe possessed the gifts he lacked in addition to those he had, he would have out-Shakespeared Shakespeare, and been the wonder not only of his age, but of all time. As it is, we may be content with Mr. Collins's judgment that "never before had passion so intense, had imagination so vivid and aspiring, had fancy so rich and graceful, consisted in equal measure and in equal harmony."

Mr. Collins is fonder of Greene than we are, but it is always pleasant to hear a poet praised.

"It was Greene," says Mr. Collins, "who first brought comedy into contact with the blithe, bright light of Elizabethan England, into contact with poetry, into contact with romance. He took it out into the woods and fields, and gave it all the charm of the idyll; he filled it with incident and adventure, and gave it all the interest of the novel. A freshness as of morning pervades these delightful medleys. Turn where we will—to the loves of Lacy and Margaret at merry Fressingfield, to the wizard Friar and the marvels of his magic cell at Oxford, to the patriot Pinner and his boisterous triumphs, to Oberon with his fairies and antics revelling round him, to the waggeries of Slipper and

Miles—everywhere we find the same light and happy touch, the same free, joyous spontaneity."

Of Peele Mr. Collins thinks too lightly—as a dramatist, indeed, Peele is of no account, but he is a fine writer, with a most honeyed style. Mr. Collins is well aware of this, and says most truly: "The opening scene of *David and Bethsabe* is in mere mellifluousness equal to anything which has been produced in blank verse since." There are few better things in this wide world than mellifluous blank verse. We cannot pursue this subject further.

Mr. Collins's next essay—and it is the last we have room to notice—is on Lord Chesterfield, for whom he manages to entertain a genuine admiration, almost reaching affection—an amazing taste, in our opinion, but excellently well supported by argument. Mr. Collins finds nothing repulsive in Chesterfield—that "tea-table scoundrel," as his Sovereign called him—not even in his attitude towards religion. Truth, says Mr. Collins, "has many sides that need of many supports." If truth needs the support of Lord Chesterfield, on the whole we should prefer error. Mr. Collins speaks of "Chesterfield's pellucid moral candour," whilst he positively adores his aristocratic flavour, even going so far as to hint that anyone who does not appreciate the tone and temper and habits of mind of the author of the Letters is a vulgar bumpkin—one of the herd of mankind who, in the language of the noble lord himself, "are but the candle-snuffers and scene-shifters of the universal theatre." For our part, we stand by Dr. Johnson and his dictum, and we greatly rejoice that the famous Lord Chesterfield, man of genius as he was, made shipwreck of all his ambitions, and now counts for nothing either alive or dead. But Mr. Collins's Essay is well worth study, as, indeed, is the whole book, from which we reluctantly part company ere half its treasures are unrolled.

A FRAGMENT.

THE HISTORY OF SICILY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By Edward A. Freeman, Hon. D.C.L., late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Edited from Posthumous MSS. with Supplements and Notes, by Arthur J. Evans, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

THE preface to the third volume of Mr. Freeman's great work was dated February 1st, 1892. Six weeks later, on March 16th, he died, leaving a great mass of material prepared for the remainder of the book, which would in his own hands probably have extended to six or even to seven volumes. This material, unfortunately, does not form a continuous narrative. Parts of it were almost fit to be printed as they stood. Other parts were left in the rough, while some centuries had been left untouched. It was his habit to begin working at different points, leaving the intervening spaces, where the data were scantier or the events less interesting, to be subsequently filled in. Thus he had completed, though he had not polished up or prepared for the press, three considerable pieces: a narrative of Sicilian history from the rise of Dionysius the Elder to the death of Agathocles (B.C. 405–289); an account of the conquest of Sicily by the Romans; and an account of its re-conquest from the Saracens by the Normans. Of these three pieces we have the first in the present volume. Some few of its conclusions might have been altered by the author had he lived to see it through the press, for he was very diligent and careful in revising his own work; and in various places it wants such footnote discussions as he was accustomed to add. Still, on the whole, it gives the impression of having been handled with almost as much thoroughness, and certainly with as much minuteness, wherever the data are available, as the three preceding volumes. It would not, however, have appeared in its present form but for the pious care of his son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Evans, the distinguished archæologist, who had been the frequent companion of Mr. Freeman in his explorations of Sicily. Besides completing the indispensable footnote references, Mr. Evans has added a great number of notes of his own, many of them illustrating the history of the Sicilian cities from their coins, and all of them bearing witness to the accuracy as well as the ample range of his knowledge. It is with great satisfaction that we learn from his preface to this volume that it is proposed to publish the remaining parts of Mr. Freeman's MS. which deal with the Roman and the Norman conquests of Sicily, and we can wish nothing better for these pieces of the work than that they should have, whether from Mr. Evans alone or from himself and some collaborator, the same learned and judicious editing which the present volume has received.

All the well-known characteristics of Mr. Freeman's historical manner are scarcely less conspicuous in these pages than in those which he himself saw through the press. There is the same wealth of knowledge, the same painstaking care, the same scrupulous accuracy, the same interest in the discussion of minute details, the same fondness for drawing parallels from other times and countries to the events he is describing, the same tendency to dwell with almost equal fulness upon all that the authorities tell us, whether more or less interesting to the average reader, the same disposition to apply a strict moral standard to the famous and the obscure alike. It is hardly possible to imagine a more remarkable contrast than his work presents in these as well as in some other respects to the "Erasmus" of his successor in the Oxford Chair of History. This extreme thoroughness of treatment makes us regret all the more that this "History of Sicily" remains incomplete, because for the periods which it deals with it is not merely indispensable, but, in a sense, final. Many years will pass before anyone else, even in Germany, is likely to plan a book upon this theme on so vast a scale, or to carry out the plan with a discussion of dark or doubtful points so exhaustive as to seem to leave little for any subsequent investigator.

The events described are hardly less remarkable than that great invasion of Sicily and attack upon Syracuse by the Athenians to which the whole of the third volume was devoted. They include the careers of Dionysius the Elder and Agathocles, with the tremendous wars waged against both of these tyrants by Carthage. But instead of a contemporary writer, who is also the greatest historian of antiquity, we have as our chief guide through this period the dull and often careless Diodorus, supplemented occasionally by Plutarch and other comparatively late authorities. Neither is there any personality, save one, in whom Mr. Freeman has found it possible to feel so much interest as in several of those who figure in his earlier volumes. That one is Timoleon, on whose career as a destroyer of tyrants, who resisted the temptation to become a tyrant himself, he dilates with a passionate delight such as a patriotic Greek might himself have cherished. The narrative of Timoleon's expedition is unfortunately incomplete, and has to be pieced out in various places by extracts from Mr. Freeman's short history of Sicily in the "Story of the Nations" series. Enough, however, has been written to enable us to gather the general impression which the career of this gifted and high-minded man made on his historian. He dwells justly on the evidence which that career furnishes of the tendency of the arms and influence of old Greece to extend themselves to the Westward, as they had been doing and were in the next generation (under Alexander of Macedon) to do, on a far vaster scale, to the Eastward. The expedition of Timoleon, he points out, is no isolated phenomenon. Dion, before him, in Sicily, the Spartan Archidamos, the Molossian Alexander, the Epeirot Pyrrhus after him in Italy, were all of them leaders called from the older Hellas to the newer Hellenic

lands to the West, and most of them called to aid the Hellenic cities against barbarian enemies. But whereas in the East the arms and tongue and intellectual influence of Hellas prevailed against the feeble monarchs of Persia, succeeded in Hellenising all Western Asia, and were felt as far as the Sutlej, in the West their progress was soon stayed, and territories which had been Greek in the fifth century B.C. became less so as time went on, and finally lost the use of the Greek tongue altogether. The reason of this contrast is to be found in the fact that Carthage and Rome were antagonists far more formidable than any that Alexander the Great or his successors had to encounter in the East. Neither the Corinthian Timoleon nor the Sicilian Agathocles could drive the Phœnicians out of Sicily. Pyrrhus succumbed to the arms of Rome, and his defeat marked the final fall of the Italian Greeks before the new power which was soon to overspread the world. Greek influence in letters and science was indeed felt all through the Western half of the Roman dominions, yet felt to a far smaller extent than in the Eastern half.

Fully as the careers of Dionysius the Elder and Agathocles are treated, and clearly as the author sets forth his view of their respective personal characters, the political problems which Syracuse presents remain somewhat dark to us. This great city, after having enjoyed for a good many years a comparatively regular and usually prosperous democratic government, shows, from shortly after the Athenian invasion, a seemingly irresistible tendency to fall into the hands of one tyrant after another; and whoever obtains a leading position there, with the sole exception of Timoleon, finds the temptation to aim at tyranny irresistible. Similar phenomena meet us in not a few other Greek cities; but the wealth and power of Syracuse make her incapacity to retain freedom peculiarly striking. Neither did she suffer so much as many other cities from those furious party struggles which so often made the Greeks willing to purchase the abasement of their enemies at the price of their own slavery, a phenomenon no less frequent in the cities of mediæval Italy. It is unlucky that the original authorities—while they inform us pretty fully as to the wars of these two famous tyrants—record so little of the internal social condition of the city that we are unable to trace the political results to their social causes. One curious fact, however, stands out tolerably clear. The democratic assemblies seem to have gone on in form and outward seeming under the practical despotism both of Dionysius and of the more brutal and ruthless Agathocles. The latter, like some of the Italian tyrants, is a good instance of the demagogue turned tyrant, who posed, even when despot, as the friend of the masses, and came to the popular assembly unattended by the bodyguards whom a despot generally needed. That he should have ventured to do this in a city most of whose leading men he had massacred, may seem strange, but is probably to be accounted for by the fact that a new mixed population had flowed into Syracuse and filled the void left by the massacres. These newcomers would have little feeling for republican institutions, and little resentment for the evil deeds of the tyrant. In not a few of these points Syracuse casts light on the condition of Rome in the days of Augustus, when the traditions of the old republic lost their power over the body of the people, and when virtual despotism was found compatible with the apparently unbroken continuance of the ancient forms of free government.

Of the social and economic condition of Sicily as a whole during the century covered by this volume we hear little, because the data are practically wanting, a want the more to be regretted because this was the time when that particular kind of poetry which found its first expression in Sicily, and has remained associated with Sicily, was germinating. Though Theocritus wrote most of his idylls in Alexandria, at the Court of Ptolemy, he was a Sicilian by birth, and purported to describe the rural life of Sicily. Certainly nothing can be less like the impression which that life produces in his verses than the impressions of war, tyranny, and ferocious cruelty which we gather from the record of the rule of Agathocles.

BRADLAUGH.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH: A RECORD OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. By his Daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner. With an Account of his Parliamentary Struggle, Politics and Teachings, by John M. Robertson. In 2 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

WE have read this book with disappointment and occasionally with pain. It is carefully and accurately written, but it is far from an adequate record of a very remarkable man. Mr. Bradlaugh's life was interesting, and even at times exciting; but this book is irredeemably dull, and only of the first part—that by his daughter—can we say that the dulness is unaccompanied by pretension. It is dull, not so much from lack of skilful construction, as from the undue importance which both the authors give to the least sympathetic side of Mr. Bradlaugh's work. Those who knew him in his later days will remember him as a great Member of Parliament. The courage of his early years was still there, as Socialists and other vague and indefinite people found to their cost, but it was mellowed by moderation and discretion. Though always a little loud in tone and egotistical in expression, the old platform warrior acquired an excellent House of Commons manner. The present writer has heard a great Parliamentarian, who was not trained to love Englishmen and has never learnt to love "Freethought," say that Mr. Bradlaugh's personality did more than all argument to convince him that other nations who had failed to agree with the old English governing classes could get along with Englishmen who were outwardly of less pliable type. So throughout the House, not merely on account of his honesty, which had not been doubted, but on account of a faculty for accommodation, the more welcome because unexpected, Mr. Bradlaugh became recognised as a practical force among the nation's men of business. There was a consideration for the feelings and even for the prejudices of opponents which might have proved a useful example to his biographers. We must hope to get from other hands a life of Bradlaugh the politician, who of the two Bradlaughs was, to us at least, much the more interesting.

A few words will suffice in relation to those religious controversies with which the greater part of this book is concerned. Mrs. Bonner, with a daughter's affection, is naturally anxious to dispose of the stories of her father's early coarseness of expression, which none of those who knew him could ever believe. Mr. Robertson, who seems to have no excuse, rather condemns him for his moderation of language. But is not all this beside the point? It was not the wording, but the substance and the method, of Mr. Bradlaugh's early teaching which brought down upon him the indignation of many who were not even themselves orthodox. An old creed exists. It is the main basis of our present morality. It may be false or it may be true, but it strikes a deeper chord in the human heart than was ever struck by other poetry or philosophy. Millions of our English-speaking folk have learnt from that Scripture story all the good they know. Many wise men who doubted it have not felt sufficiently sure of their doubts to let others, even of their household, know of them. Many others have only expressed their doubts reverently and forbearingly, for fear of the hurt and harm they might do to the feelings and even to the good-living of their fellow-men. The man who goes into the highways and byways to teach a mere negation, to take away so much happiness without having any faith or doctrine to replace it, cannot expect to be received as if he were a mere lecturer on geography.

He will probably find that the Christians who—agreeing with him in naught else—agree with him in thinking the press and the platform proper places for arguing out these deep problems are not the best of their creed, and may use words rougher than his own. And if they are content to rest the main weight of their defence, as he did of his attack, on the minor difficulties of Genesis, no profit can be expected from the encounter. Truth is mighty and will prevail, but not necessarily on the platform. What profit can there be to any reader in recounting the story of these vain debates and inglorious victories? Even enthusiastic advocates of freedom of thought and speech will feel as they read it that, if Mr. Bradlaugh had had in his earlier years a little more of the thought for the feelings of others which he showed towards the end of his life, the fight over the oaths question need not have been so severe or prolonged. As for Mr. Robertson's contention that Bradlaugh was all the while a philosopher of heavy metal, we confess that he has not convinced us.

His political life, and especially his constant championship of the suffering among other nations, is less contentious. Unfortunately, it is much less fully dealt with in these volumes. There are some deeply interesting pages—mostly in Mr. Bradlaugh's own words—as to what he saw as a private in Ireland. There are some curious anecdotes of his adventures in Italy: how he saved the documents entrusted to him at Naples from Papal troops, and how he convinced the Neapolitan soldiers that he was entitled to carry a pistol in spite of the law because he was insured with an English insurance company. There is a fair account of his dealings with the French during the period of the war, and the not unnatural refusal of the Versailles Government to let him act as mediator between them and the Commune. There is a picture of his visit to Spain during Castelar's brief rule; but it is difficult to make out what he did, or meant to do, at Madrid. Indeed, no part of the purely political history is written with enthusiasm. Evidently his biographers thought these things of much less importance than a debate with an obscure minister on the credibility of the Biblical account of the creation.

On one point they usefully show that his advocacy of freedom for industrial as well as political minorities was not merely a notion of his later years. He included proportional representation among the reforms which he demanded so long ago as 1868, when he first stood for Northampton.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

LETTERS FROM CAMP TO HIS RELATIVES DURING THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL. By Colin Frederick Campbell, late Lieutenant-Colonel 46th Regiment. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

THE Crimean War does not lend itself well to the purposes of military history. The rich opportunities for strategic analysis, which invest such campaigns as that of Waterloo or of 1870 with peculiar fascination, are absent from the long struggle for the possession of Sebastopol. Individual episodes were powerfully impressive; but, viewed as a whole, this great national drama was badly constructed. The action was often halting or purposeless; the interludes were long and unsuggestive. For the most part, it must always remain a painful memory of gallant lives unnecessarily sacrificed, of generous efforts misdirected, and of untold suffering easily preventable. To the military student it supplies little direct teaching, while the mind resents its many warnings all anticipated by the wide experience of previous wars, and reasserted at such seemingly superfluous cost of blood and treasure.

The purely human interest of the story will, however, always endure, and after forty years, such letters as those of Colonel Colin Campbell powerfully appeal to our sympathies and imagination. The writer was an officer of the best type, devoted to his profession, well read, a keen observer, and an acute critic, who never degenerated into a grumbler or a pessimist. The bitter hardships of the winter on the bleak plateau before Sebastopol plainly appear; but it is the sufferings and the patience of the private soldier on which Colonel Campbell dwells. He duly notes the terrible results of maladministration at home, and the shortcomings of some of the superior commanders; but he never descends to bitterness, or to the invective which disfigures Lord Wolseley's somewhat unconvincing preface.

The 46th Regiment, in which Colonel Campbell was serving, landed from the ill-fated transport *Prince* three days after Inkerman, coming straight "from the best quarters in England" without any winter clothing. The natural result was soon apparent.

"Our nominal strength here is 900 men . . . . We have to-day (Dec. 17th) 339 fit for duty—that is to say, who can carry their firelocks a couple of miles without fainting—out of these we can only furnish for the trenches 271, the rest being engaged as servants, hospital attendants, etc. It is impossible to say what number of the non-effectives are dead, as they get thrown overboard in the Black Sea or die at Scutari, and we get no return of them; but I should think that 200 is not wide of the mark. Of these, probably about 30 have been killed in action or in the trenches, so you see what a small proportion of an army falls by the sword in war."

Later the strength of the regiment fell to 70 effectives. On January 8th Colonel Campbell writes, "the regiments are gradually dwindling down to nothing; the 63rd had only *seven* men fit for duty the day I left." The French commissariat is strongly contrasted with our own.

"When one sees our commissariat mules one sees a set of half-starved dying animals savagely thrashed along by Poles, Bulgarians, Tartars, and every sort of blackguard. What a contrast in the French animals! They pass our camp in long lines of hundreds daily; they walk in a row, every mule as fat and sleek as if he were a pet . . . . To every three mules there is a workmanlike, well-appointed Frenchman, a soldier who, when he has nothing else to do, chats to his mules as if they were his friends. This is only one of the points in which they beat us; it is the same in everything."

Some of the stories of hopeless ineptitude are almost incredible. Many good mules were to be had at the time of greatest need; but the chance was thrown away. At Sinope, only twenty-one hours steam from Balaclava, the French freely obtained baggage animals; but "not one packhorse has been bought there by the English." The medical arrangements were no better, and over all ruled a senseless formalism which paralysed individual action.

"'Why,' said a surgeon to me the other day, 'if I had a knife and a piece of wood, it would be shorter and easier for me to make a splint than to draw one from the purveyor.'"

Even when a medical committee came out from England to investigate the causes of the gross evils prevailing, an attempt, in the form of a "division order . . . . that no questions should be answered without authority from Lord Raglan," seems to have been made to muzzle the witnesses.

Spring, reinforcements and the railway put new heart into the gallant force that had all but perished in the winter snow. In March, the 4th Division "got up races and steeplechases, and it was delightful to see in what health and spirits the men were."

Employed as an assistant engineer, Campbell had excellent opportunities for studying the progress of the siege operations, and his shrewd comments show how completely he grasped the situation. After a vivid description of the French attack on the Mamelon and Malakoff on June 7th, he says:—"The present intention is," that the Allies should, "after a twenty-four hours' bombardment, assault the Malakoff and the Redan simultaneously. It will be a shameful waste of life, as the Redan is quite untenable by the Russians after the Malakoff is taken." This prediction was to be twice sadly fulfilled.

The want of purpose evidently galled the energetic soldier.

"I am at my wits' end to detect any plan in our present proceedings. . . . Indecision seems the order of the day. . . . The siege, as far as the English are concerned, is not being conducted with the spirit and energy it ought to be. . . . The suggestions of the working officers of engineers are not properly attended to, and they get disgusted and dispirited at finding their efforts frustrated. . . . Each working party (August 15th) consists of 400 men, and it is really quite difficult to find employment for them. . . . We dare not do anything useful without permission, which we very rarely get. . . . What we want for both armies are Commanders-in-Chief who will make themselves masters of the siege by being constantly in the trenches."

Want of concentration of effort upon specific and decisive points was unfortunately characteristic of the operations.

To the gallantry of the French, Campbell pays generous tribute, and of the battle of Tchernaya he even writes:—

"I am not sorry that the English had nothing to do with it. We are such a nation of braggarts that I think it does us good to be shown that other people can fight as well as ourselves."

At the same time, the gentleness of the French soldiers to the Russian wounded calls forth his admiration.

"If they had been women they could not have behaved more tenderly, talking to them all the time in their ridiculous way as if the poor wretches understood all they said. 'Tiens, mon ami, tu es diablement laid, mais ça ne fait rien, prends un peu d'eau de vie.'"

The story of the disastrous failure of the final attack on the Redan is well told. The summary given to the writer by the gallant Wyndham immediately afterwards is painful reading; but it is certainly best that the truth should not be shirked.

Vivid glimpses of the inner life of the army in the Crimea, thoughtful criticisms freshly recorded at the moment, and wide sympathies confer singular charm upon these admirable letters, in which the frank and generous personality of the writer is unconsciously revealed. In the campaign of Sebastopol a whole system of military administration, patched together in long years of peace, was severely tried and found utterly wanting. The lesson is one which should be burned into the heart of the army and of the nation.

BOOKBINDING AS A FINE ART.

A History of the Art of Bookbinding: with Some Account of the Books of the Ancients. Edited by W. Salt Brassington, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock.

As Crabbe has sung, in lines justly dear to Scott:—

"First, let us view the form, the size, the dress;
For these the manners—nay, the mind express;
That weight of wood, with leather coat o'erlaid;
Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
The close-press'd leaves, unclos'd for many an age;
The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page;
On the broad back the stubborn edges roll'd,
When yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold."

Mr. Brassington has excellently, and with copious erudition, discoursed of these and kindred matters in a great volume adorned with plentiful illustrations. But he has hardly set himself—perhaps hardly cared—to follow out Crabbe's thought in the second line. He is rather the antiquary than the interpretative artist. He is best and most at home in telling of such matters as adornments in gold, silver, enamel, ivory, precious stone; of book-chains, book-covers, book-satchels; of *scriptoria* and old workshops; of all the external features of his theme. He tells of book-binding rather as a practice than as an art. The unskilled reader would scarce gather from his pages, wherein lies the true virtue of the art, its inherent and rational excellence, nor be able to discriminate between school and school in point of artistic merit. In short, the book is a strict history of facts, not an essay in criticism as well. A comparison between his chapters on gold-tooled bindings and Mr. Herbert Horne's recent monograph on the subject would illustrate the difference between the antiquarian and the artist. Mr. Horne is antiquarian and erudite, but, before all else, an artist. Mr. Brassington is more concerned with presenting a picture or catalogue of his materials than with criticising them or selecting from them. Perhaps the first half of the book is the more valuable and satisfying; that which deals with books and bindings from the earliest times up to the Renaissance, embracing the classical ages and the various spheres or localities of importance in the Middle Ages—Germanic, Celtic, and the like. It is interesting to read discussions upon the influence of ecclesiastic and ritual requirements in the early Church, upon the shape and ornamentation of books; to be reminded, through the wealth of Irish remains, of the exquisite art and eager learning that adorned early Ireland and spread abroad; to look in upon the old *scriptoria* of Durham or Winton monks; to see the marvellous riches lavished by great persons upon sacred books, often with a barbaric or semi-Byzantine profusion and confusion of many arts. And the information upon English binding before the invention of printing is of the highest interest. It is later in the book, when the purely antiquarian interest begins to wane, that we desiderate a more critical and less discursive treatment. Admirable as is everything that Mr. Brassington tells us, we want some more keenly discriminative guidance or statement of opinion.

Yet, after all, though bookbinding is, indeed, a fine and beautiful art, there is more than one way of considering the matter. Something must be allowed to the sentimental prejudices of the bookman, who may chance to love some ancient and ugly fashion in binding, some fantastic quaintness or unadorned simplicity, to the distress of the artist. Lamb has written the *locus classicus* upon this aspect of the question: "To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. The *dishabille*, or half-binding (with Russia backs even), is *our* costume. A Shakespeare or a Milton (unless the first editions) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's 'Seasons,' again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves and worn-out appearance—nay, the very odour (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness—of an old 'circulating library' 'Tom Jones' or 'Vicar of Wakefield'!" And Mr. Dobson tells us how his goodly bindings in goodly cases "gather the dust no less."

"For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves—
The bulged and the bruised octavos,
The dear and the dumpy twelves,—"

books battered with kindly, constant service. Magnificence is for the books of the altar or of royal libraries, and for precious rarities. What we require for daily use is the book that is *munditiis simplex*, and that is what we seldom get. It is excellent to have Mr. Cobden Sanderson and his few brethren adorning our treasures at a great cost; but when shall we have all books, as a matter of course, issued in decent and comely bindings, as in the last century? At present, there is little choice between costly beauty and cheap ugliness, which is against the golden mean. The tradition of sumptuous or beautiful binding dates from times when manuscripts and books were rare, or at least the monopoly of the great and learned; but because books are common and cheap, they need not offend the eye.

"Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation,"

exhorts Herbert. And books are part of our habitations. Instead of our horrible cloth bindings, with gimcrack ornament, give us the plain boards or a good brown leather, that are serviceable and simple without great cost. It is impossible to read such books as this without hungering after the old-world leisure and humanity of arts and manufactures in the days before steam and universal machinery: they could be patiently and lovingly diligent, the men of those days. Now, in printing, binding, and the allied arts, we have men doing perfect work, but it inevitably stands aside and aloft, not reaching the great multitude. The strongest and strangest utterances of Mr. Ruskin or Mr. William Morris seem sometimes the simplest and sanest truisms, when we consider these familiar things. But apart from these sad considerations, let us thank Mr. Brassington for his learned and laborious book, based in part upon one by the late Mr. John Hannett, of whom we have a simple and pleasing memoir. Certainly there is in English no treatise so comprehensive as this; and whatever defects we may fancy or think to detect in it, we have nothing but gratitude for its abundant and most practical information. Thomas à Kempis found rest and peace most constantly *in angulis cum libellis*. We could wish that Mr. Brassington's tome were more of a *libellus*—it cannot be read, as a book upon this theme should, anywhere and everywhere, *in angulis*.

FICTION.

A King's Diary. By Percy White. (Cassell's Pocket Library.) London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

Olympia's Journal. By W. S. Holnut. London: George Bell & Sons.

Dark Deeds. By Dick Donovan. In 1 vol. London: Chatto & Windus.

Passion's Puppets. A Novel. London: Hutchinson & Co.

All readers of that singularly clever work of fiction, "Mr. Bailey-Martin," will be eager to see Mr. Percy White's second venture in fiction, "A King's Diary." It has the merits of the first book, accompanied by others of its own which seem to us to be of singular excellence. Like "Mr. Bailey-Martin," it is a clear, dispassionate, and extremely clever analysis of modern society. That it is severe in the view it takes of society, and pessimistic in its tone, is only what would be expected from any man who writes from the serious standpoint. But Mr. Percy White does not bore us with prosy moralisation. He leaves us to find our moral for ourselves, wherein half the charm of his writing consists, for his irony is at times very subtle, and the careless reader might easily miss its point. In "A King's Diary" we are told the story of a love match between the penniless nephew of an earl and a beautiful girl who is the daughter of a plebeian millionaire. The two fall in love with each other honestly enough, but their respective families acquiesce in the alliance for reasons of their own which are hardly those of the two lovers. There is no need to pursue the story, which, indeed, is so short and simple and devoid of special incident as to defy analysis. Its charm lies, as we have said, in its wonderful insight into character and its ironical handling of the every-day aspect of our social life. The book is sad, as well as beautiful, and it is certainly not one to be neglected by those who desire to keep themselves abreast of modern literary effort.

"Olympia's Journal" is a story of Italy and of the New Woman. The young lady who keeps the diary is English by birth, though she lives in luxurious exile in Florence. She is well-to-do, well-born, beautiful, and an orphan; and her diary tells us how she marries a self-made man of vast wealth and humble origin, who has fallen desperately in love with her at first sight, but whom she despises as her inferior in rank and breeding. Why she marries him Olympia hardly knows, but the real reason appears to be that he is beloved by a poor fellow-countrywoman of hers, and that it is a triumph to rob the forlorn spinster of her one brilliant chance in the matrimonial market. Having married Mr. Braithwaite, this charming creature proceeds with much deliberation to break his heart, if he has one. She ridicules him to her friends, and, what is worse, she describes him at full length in her diary, satirising with malicious delight every slip the unhappy man makes in speech or conduct, and painting him as a boor, unworthy of the rare good fortune he enjoys as her husband. She has her little flirtation, too, which she carries on with that kind of heartless indiscretion that characterises the woman of her stamp. Finally, she has a hand-to-hand encounter with her husband, whom she beats with a stick because he has ill-used her pet dog. After this, it is not surprising that her honeymoon, which has been spent in Venice, comes to an end. She goes to Florence, after discovering that her husband has become the possessor of the diary in which she has recorded, with needless fidelity to the truth, her inmost thoughts regarding him. What is surprising is the fact that the unfortunate husband continues to care for her after all—cares for her so much, in fact, that he quickly makes amends for the wrong he has done in marrying her by dying of a broken heart, and leaving her the mistress of his wealth. We do not envy Olympia's second husband, unless, indeed, it is he who carries the stick and knows how to use it.

There is no doubt that the title of "Dark Deeds" accurately describes the incidents in Mr. Donovan's latest volume. Robberies and murders of every possible description, mysteries that appear to be insoluble, and tragedies to which there is seemingly no clue occupy the reader's attention from the first page to the last. Every riddle is, however, duly solved, and every mystery made plain, thanks to the ingenuity of the illustrious detective whose experiences are here recounted. Unfortunately, the clues which finally lead to the discovery of the secrets are, without exception, so obvious in their nature that the most ordinary of country constables could hardly have failed to hit upon them. There is none of that delicate appreciation of apparently irrelevant facts, or that logical deduction of just conclusions from uncertain premises that we find in the famous Sherlock Holmes stories. Mr. Donovan tells of some crime to which there is, apparently, no clue, and then, when he has retailed what seem to be all the circumstances of the case, he suddenly brings forward some new fact which makes everything plain and simple. Mr. Conan Doyle, we need hardly say, has constructed his detective stories on an entirely different plan. As a rule, he begins by placing the clue to the mystery in the hands of the reader, but he wraps it up with such delicate skill that it needs a highly-trained sense of smell to discover it. It is always there, however, to be hit upon by the reader if he is only clever enough to find it; and this it is that gives real intellectual value to Mr. Doyle's tales of mystery and crime. Mr. Donovan works with coarser tools, but his stories will probably interest those readers who care more for exciting incidents than for brilliant workmanship.

"Passion's Puppets" is a distinctly original, as well as very powerful, novel. Unless we are mistaken, the author has chosen Charlotte Brontë as his or her model. At all events, the book has much in it that recalls the peculiar, not to say unique, qualities of "Jane Eyre." The story is a long one, the characters are many, the word-painting is conscientious and minute, and many of the scenes are singularly powerful. The characters, too, are real, having about them the indefinable but unmistakable quality of life-likeness. That the story is a sombre one hardly detracts from its attractiveness, for the author has sufficient power to command the

attention of the reader. What it lacks in artistic completeness is manifestly due, not to want of power, but to want of experience. In short, "Passion's Puppets," despite its unfortunate title, is a book to be read for its own sake, whilst its author is one from whom we think we may expect a great deal in the future. The plot is too long and too full to be detailed here. It is the life of a beautiful girl, over whose birth there hangs a cloud of mystery, that is told to us. She lives with her reputed father, an eccentric man of genius, professedly a farmer of moderate means and extreme opinions, in reality a millionaire. This beautiful girl, who has been taught to despise convention, and to regard religion with contempt, has two love affairs—the first with a married man, which leads to nothing; the second, with a selfish young scapegrace, which ends in marriage and in murder. Where the tragedy comes in the reader must discover for himself. The author has made use of heredity in the plot, but has perverted the accepted doctrines on the subject in a curious fashion. His or her inexperience notwithstanding, the book is a remarkable one, which ought not to be neglected by amateurs in the fiction of to-day.

STUDIES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Publications of the American Academy of Political and Social Science:—Reasonable Railway Rates, by H. T. Newcomb; Relation of Labour Organisations to the American Boy and to Trade Instruction, by E. W. Bemis; Mortgage Banking in Russia, by D. M. Frederiksen; The Economic Function of Woman, by E. T. Devine; Relief Work at the Wells Memorial Institute, by Helena S. Dudley; The Ultimate Standard of Value, by E. von Böhm-Bawerk; Why Had Roscher so Little Influence in England? by [Prof.] W. Cunningham. Philadelphia. London: H. S. King & Son.

The half-dozen specimen papers now before us afford an excellent illustration of that growth of the systematic study of present-day economic problems which is even more notable on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. The organisation to which they have been submitted aims especially at dealing with subjects neglected by other societies for the study of sociology, and of publishing material which students could not otherwise obtain. We are not sure that the papers before us quite fulfil the former aim—we have seen a good deal before that belongs to their several kinds—but they all have some interest, and one has much. This is the paper on railway rates, by a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission—a scientific study of the subject by an expert who, as a Government official, is probably above the suspicion of partiality, and whose statements will, no doubt, considerably surprise the declaimers against "railway monopolists." Mr. Newcomb shows, by official figures, that there has been an enormous and almost continuous decline in railway rates in America during the last twenty or thirty years—a decline amounting often to fifty or sixty per cent., and in some cases considerably more; contests the charge commonly brought against the railroads of "watering" their stock; points out that much of this alleged over-capitalisation has really been written off in the process of "re-organisation" (which has such an ominous significance to the English investor); and concludes—indeed, we think we may say proves—that the return to capital now on American railroads is no more than is reasonable. Indeed, after dividing the railroads into nine geographical groups, he finds that the average return on their best securities (the funded debt) varies in different districts from 4·01 to 5·67 per cent., and averages only 4·79. This is not much, surely, for the blood-sucking capitalist to draw, considering the risks of individual lines. In the United States railroading is, we believe, a recognised science, with university professors lecturing on it. This pamphlet is a good example of its development. From another of the series we must quote a delicious sentence explaining why a school of tailoring failed: "Indifference on the part of the managers *and the preference of American boys for positions as civil engineers, physicians, electricians, and the like, rather than tailors*, are said . . . to have been more responsible for failure than" the action of the Tailors' Union. So there is "liberty and equality" still for the American boy, at any rate. It is, perhaps, in the light thrown on American life and character—as, for instance, in the statement that the native Americans of the east preserve too much of the earlier individualist spirit of America to join trade unions—rather than in any direct contribution to the solution of our own problems, that the main value of most of these studies for us consists. But they are varied and interesting; and students in search of new developments of theory might do worse than study the efforts towards a doctrine of consumption made by Mr. Devine, or the acute criticism of the tendency of English economics by Professor Cunningham. The "Annals" of the society are also well worth attention.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Mr. Oswald Parry's "Six Months in a Syrian Monastery" is a book of wider interest than its title suggests. Three years ago the author, who appears to be a scholarly Anglican, with ardent dreams of the reunion of Christendom, went to Syria in order to investigate the condition of religion and education in that corner of Asia Minor. Landor declared that in his time it was the "prerogative of travellers in Turkey to tell lies," but as no less a personage than the Bishop of Durham has written a preface to this volume, its statements—apart altogether from internal evidence—may be accepted as words of soberness and truth. Other than purely ecclesiastical readers will find much of interest in Mr. Parry's description of scenery and manners, and of the ways of life which prevail in a region which lies strangely remote, not on the map, but in actual intercourse from the English race. He lays stress on the good and bad qualities of Christian and Mohammedan alike, and he shows up the Turks as the lords of misrule, harsh, tyrannical, and corrupt. The recent outrages on the Armenian Christians seem to be typical of much else of the same kind in this outlying province of the Turkish Empire, and the detailed account which is given in these pages of the treatment of the Yazidis by Osman Pacha is worthy of the dark ages at their worst. The Yazidis appear to be a frugal, industrious people, whose only fault is their refusal to accept the Moslem faith. They have been tortured and put to the sword in consequence, their women have been outraged, and a number of young girls who were hidden in long grass were discovered, and, with a malignity as cowardly as it was cruel, their place of retreat was fired, and they were all burnt to death. Mr. Parry brings no railing accusations against the present Sultan. He admits that he is a humane ruler, and he goes so far as to credit him with being almost superstitiously adverse to the shedding of blood; but the events which we have roughly described occurred recently, and were perpetrated by a high official who claimed to act in the name of the Government, and in doing so rode roughshod not merely over the people, but over the firman of 1847, which granted to the Yazidis religious liberty. "The results are far-reaching. At least four hundred people were killed, hundreds of acres left unsown, the whole province drained of its resources and crippled for years, and all that happens is that an inspector is sent and the author of this brutality is imprisoned." The chief value of this book consists of the account which it gives of the position and prospects of the old Syrian Christians who represent the Church of Antioch, the oldest of the Gentile churches. In spite of centuries of isolation and oppression these scattered communities have kept the faith, and are eager for education as well as for association with the larger life of Christendom. Mr. Parry gives a clear, full account of his life in the monastery of Deir-el-Zâaferan, a stately and well-ordered home of learning. There is much else in the book, which appeals chiefly to students of ecclesiastical history, and the author's own explorations in a land which is full of the memorials of a vanished civilisation lend an archæological value to a narrative which is always vivid and generally well-informed.

Dr. Charles Douglas, Lecturer in Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, has published a singularly keen and attractive study of "John Stuart Mill" and the ideas which lie at the basis of his intellectual position. It is claimed at the outset that current opinions of Mill's philosophical work scarcely do justice either to its nature or its proportions. Dr. Douglas thinks that the very inconclusiveness and tentative character of Mill's contribution to philosophy give it a peculiar educational value. There is, indeed, hardly a more instructive or, to use his favourite word, a more "fruitful" philosophical writer. But still greater than his importance in this respect is the value of the discipline which his intellectual attitude constantly affords. Stress is laid in these pages on Mill's noble candour, on his freedom from affectation no less than from fear, on his objective and impersonal point of view, and on that austere, delicate reserve and self-effacement which render his work scientific in

* Six Months in a Syrian Monastery. By Oswald H. Parry, B.A. Illustrated by the Author. London: Horace Cox.

John Stuart Mill: a Study of His Philosophy. By Charles Douglas, M.A., D.Sc. Edinburgh & London: William Blackwood & Sons.

Langland's Vision of Piers the Plowman. An English Poem of the Fourteenth Century done into Modern Prose, with an Introduction, by Kate M. Warren. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Origins of Invention. By Otis T. Mason, A.M., Ph.D. Illustrated. "The Contemporary Science Series." London: Walter Scott.

Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione. Translated from the Latin of Benedict de Spinoza by W. Hale White. Translation revised by Amelia Hutchinson Stirling, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Story of the Stars—Simply Told for General Readers. By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., author of "A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy." London: George Newnes.

Shakespeare's Henry IV. Parts First and Second. With preface, glossary by Israel Gollancz, M.A. Shakespeare's Tragedy of King Richard II. With preface, glossary, etc., by Israel Gollancz. The Temple Shakespeare. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

The Friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Being Selections from the Works in Verse and Prose of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. Made by Alexander B. Grosart. Portrait. London: Elliot Stock.

its manner no less than in its substance. It is argued that Mill was profoundly conscious of moral issues, and that he found their complexity to be too rich for the meagre explanation which had satisfied his predecessors. Mill's general conception of thought, it is shown, was individualistic; and his relation to Locke, Berkeley, and Hume is traced, as well as his views on experience, causality, economic method, positivism, ethical hedonism, and social duty. Justice is done to the "latent idealism" of Mill's convictions, and it is urged that the lesson which his philosophy teaches, more clearly perhaps than any other, is the "difficulty of erecting a theory of knowledge and action on a basis of individualism." We have only touched on a few of the issues which are raised in a vigorous and suggestive book, which is addressed chiefly—we might almost say exclusively—to students of philosophy.

The task which Miss Warren has sought to achieve by turning so great an Early English poem as Langland's "Vision of Piers the Plowman" into modern prose is to express the original of the fourteenth century in such a manner that the ordinary reader of to-day may not be repelled by archaic terms. Wyclif was contemporary with Langland, and that fact has led Miss Warren to make the English of the Bible as far as possible her model. The wisdom of such a choice will be at once apparent when it is remembered that Wyclif and Langland were alike conversant with the same national stock of words, phrases, and turns of expression. The appeal of both writers was to the rank-and-file of the people, and they wrote in a manner which made their meaning clear to the wayfaring man. Here and there Miss Warren admits that she has ventured to retain in the text words and phrases which are to all intents and purposes obsolete in modern English prose—or at least obsolete in the sense in which they are now used. The rule which she has laid down for her own guidance in the matter is one which can scarcely fail to prove acceptable either to sound scholarship or to sound common sense. In every case in which the pithy or picturesque obsolete word is retained it can claim to have passed current in the Elizabethan age, and was employed either by Shakespeare or by some other contemporary writer of distinction. The text of the "Vision" which has been taken as the foundation for this version is that known to scholars as the "B" text, published by Professor Skeat, though an occasional reading has been taken from the "C" text. Elaborate lyric metres and short rhyming couplets were in vogue at the Court of Edward III., but Langland hearkened back to the old alliterative verse which had survived the Norman Conquest. This version of the wonderful moral protest against the ecclesiastical and social corruption of the fourteenth century enables those who have no mastery of Early English to read "Piers Plowman's Vision" for themselves. The notes are scholarly and pithy.

Much curious learning, gathered in many cases from almost forgotten fields, is lightly handled by Dr. Mason in "The Origins of Invention"—a study of industry among primitive races. The book is an attempt to trace some of our modern arts to their rude beginnings, and to show how the inventive faculty of man, working upon and influenced by the resources and forces of nature, gradually evolved discoveries of one kind or another for the saving of labour and the satisfaction of human wants. There is truth in the assertion that when nations originate they live and grow; when they cease to do that, they decay and die. The inventive faculty has in every age been stimulated by the desire for food, shelter, rest, locomotion, knowledge, and social satisfaction, and it is claimed in these pages that all invention is based on change in the material or thing invented, in the apparatus or process employed, in the mind of the discoverer, and in society. "The inventor excogitates an alteration of causes or of movements. In primitive life and in the most cultured this is equally true, only, in the latter, machinery performs the motions which in savagery must be effected by the human body." Dr. Mason surveys the whole field of invention in its broad aspects, and treats the subject in a philosophical and, at the same time, in a clear and attractive fashion. There are many illustrations in the volume, and a twofold index of authors and subjects.

Although the characteristic fragment of Spinoza's teaching which is embodied in the "Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione" is believed to have been written before the meek excommunicated Jew was thirty, it was not published until 1677, the year of the philosopher's death. Spinoza has been termed the Euclid of metaphysicians, and it is the "Ethica" which gives point to such a comparison. This "Treatise Concerning the Amendment of the Intellect, and of the Way in which It is Best Led to the True Knowledge of Things"—to quote the full title—contains a development of ideas concerning method, of which the central principles are contained in the book we have named, which is Spinoza's chief contribution to philosophy. The quest and knowledge of truth are set forth as the highest good, and the treatise is interesting not merely in itself but in the light which it casts on the intellectual and moral standpoint of a much-maligned thinker, the problem of whose personality is one of the attractive studies of biography. This scholarly English version of one of the least known of Spinoza's writings is distinctly welcome.

Mr. George Chambers, who is known in scientific circles by his "Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy," has just written for general readers a little volume entitled "The Story of the Stars." Mr. Chambers writes in a vigorous and attractive style, and he shows himself able to combine to an uncommon degree scientific accuracy of statement with a clear and attractive exposition. Beginners in astronomy who wish to acquaint themselves merely with the outlines of a noble science will find this volume of real service. The final chapter of the work deals with the researches of the spectroscope, and has been written by Mr. E. W. Maunder, of Greenwich Observatory, one of the chief living authorities on this branch of astronomy.

There has just been added to the choice Temple Shakespeare three volumes containing the first and second parts of *King Henry IV.* and the tragedy of *Richard II.* In each case the text used is that of the Standard Cambridge Edition, and in brief introductions the date of composition, the sources of the plot, the first publication, and kindred points are discussed with excellent discernment. Pithy notes are added, and glossaries of archaic terms. Views of Kenilworth, Shrewsbury, and Berkeley Castles form respectively the frontispieces to these attractive miniature editions of the plays.

At the Court of Queen Elizabeth and of James I., Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, cut a handsome figure, but he himself considered—for the words were chiselled on his tombstone in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, which was erected during his lifetime—that his chief claim to honour lay in the fact that he was "The Friend of Sir Philip Sidney." Dr. Grosart has just added to the dainty Elizabethan Library a volume of selections in prose and verse from this typical writer of the opening years of the seventeenth century. Lord Brooke published nothing in his lifetime; but five years after his tragical death—he was murdered by his own servant in his London house in Holborn in September, 1628—a small folio entitled "Certain Learned and Elegant Works" was published. Ten years after the Restoration Lord Brooke's "Treatises of Monarchy and Religion" were given to the world, and it is on these two books that his rather slender literary fame survives. Charles Lamb described Fulke Greville as a man who was compounded nine parts of Macchiavelli and Tacitus to one part of Sophocles or Seneca. He adds that not only the plays but the love-poems of Lord Brooke were "frozen and made rigid with intellect." There is much that is monotonous, stately, and harsh in Lord Brooke's writings, and, to tell the truth, he shines best in selected passages. Only the most ardent students of Elizabethan literature are likely to wade through books which chilled Charles Lamb and seem also to have puzzled Hazlitt, and therefore it is well that a scholar of so much judgment and knowledge as Dr. Grosart should give this busy period the pith of an author who at his best has much that is weighty and beautiful to say, not to an age, but to all time.

NOTICE.

—o—

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS BY POST.

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	8s.

Mudie's Select Library.

FOR THE CIRCULATION AND SALE OF ALL THE BEST ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from One Guinea per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for Weekly Exchange of Books at the Houses of Subscribers) from Two Guineas per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from Two Guineas per annum.

N.B.—Two or three friends may unite in One Subscription, and thus lessen the cost of carriage.

LIBRARY BOXES GRATIS.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SALE DEPARTMENT.

All the leading Books of the Past Seasons are on Sale, second-hand, at greatly Reduced Prices.

LISTS GRATIS AND POST FREE.

MUDIE'S MANCHESTER LIBRARY, 10 to 12, BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER, is in daily communication with this Library.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, Limited, 30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; and 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.